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December

Call upon your friend, John Citizen, any time this month and you are likely to encounter the living embodiment of Congreve's lines: invention certainly has flagged and his brain is worse than muddy, as 'black despair succeeds brown study'. He is not, as you might suppose from his attitude, considering some Machiavellian problem in chess. Indeed, he knows little about this most cosmopolitan of games. He takes the Giuoco Piano to mean some form of musical instrument, whilst the Sicilian Defence means nothing at all. No. Your friend is simply wrestling with the Christmas Present Problem. He can, however, take heart. The Midland Bank Christmas Gift Cheque is both Everyman's Opening and Impregnable Defence in this annual battle of (hitherto baffled) wits. And he—and you and everybody else—can buy these prestige-raising, reason-saving devices at any branch of the Midland Bank for the small sum of 1/- each, plus the amount you want to give.

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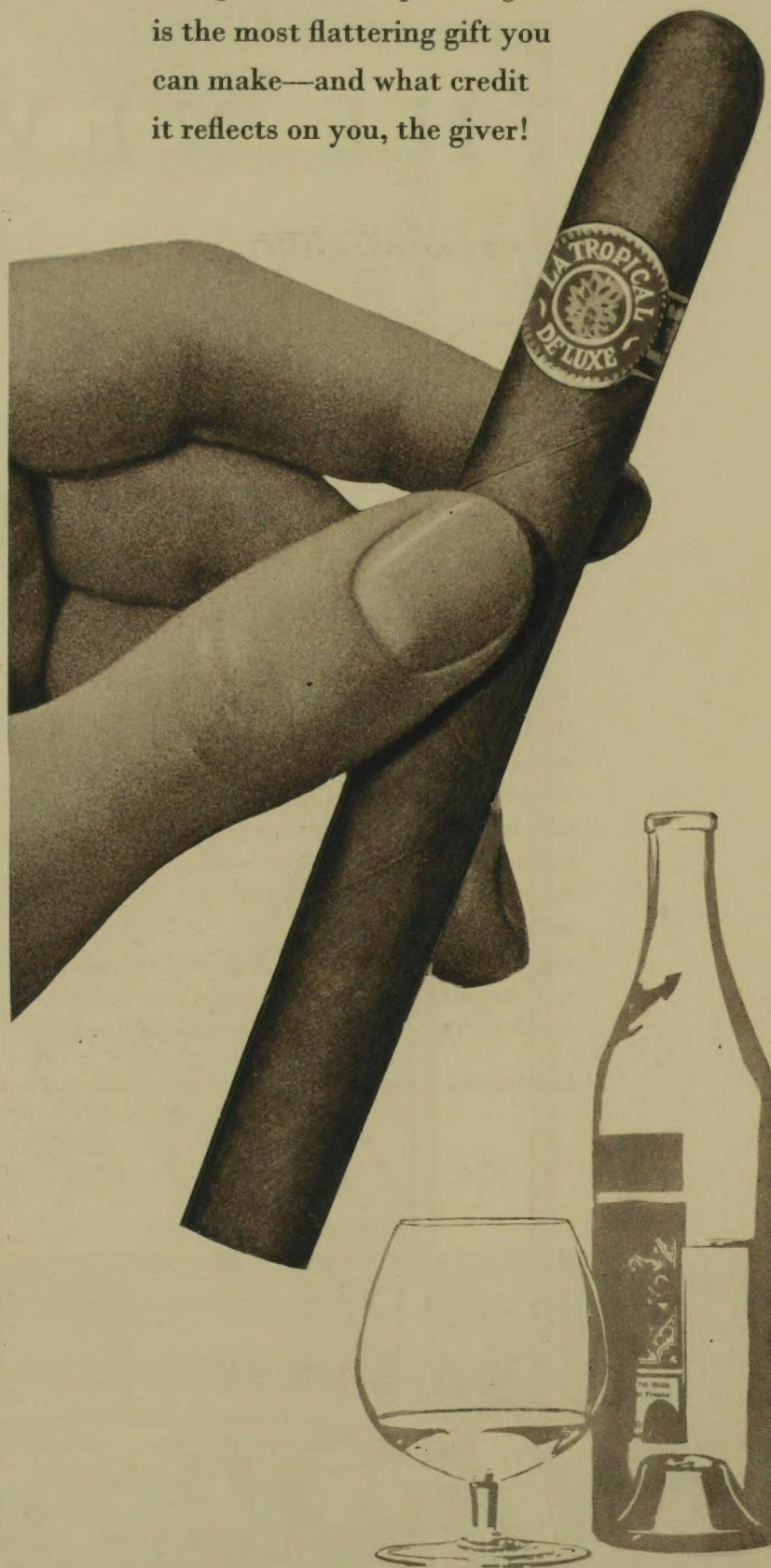
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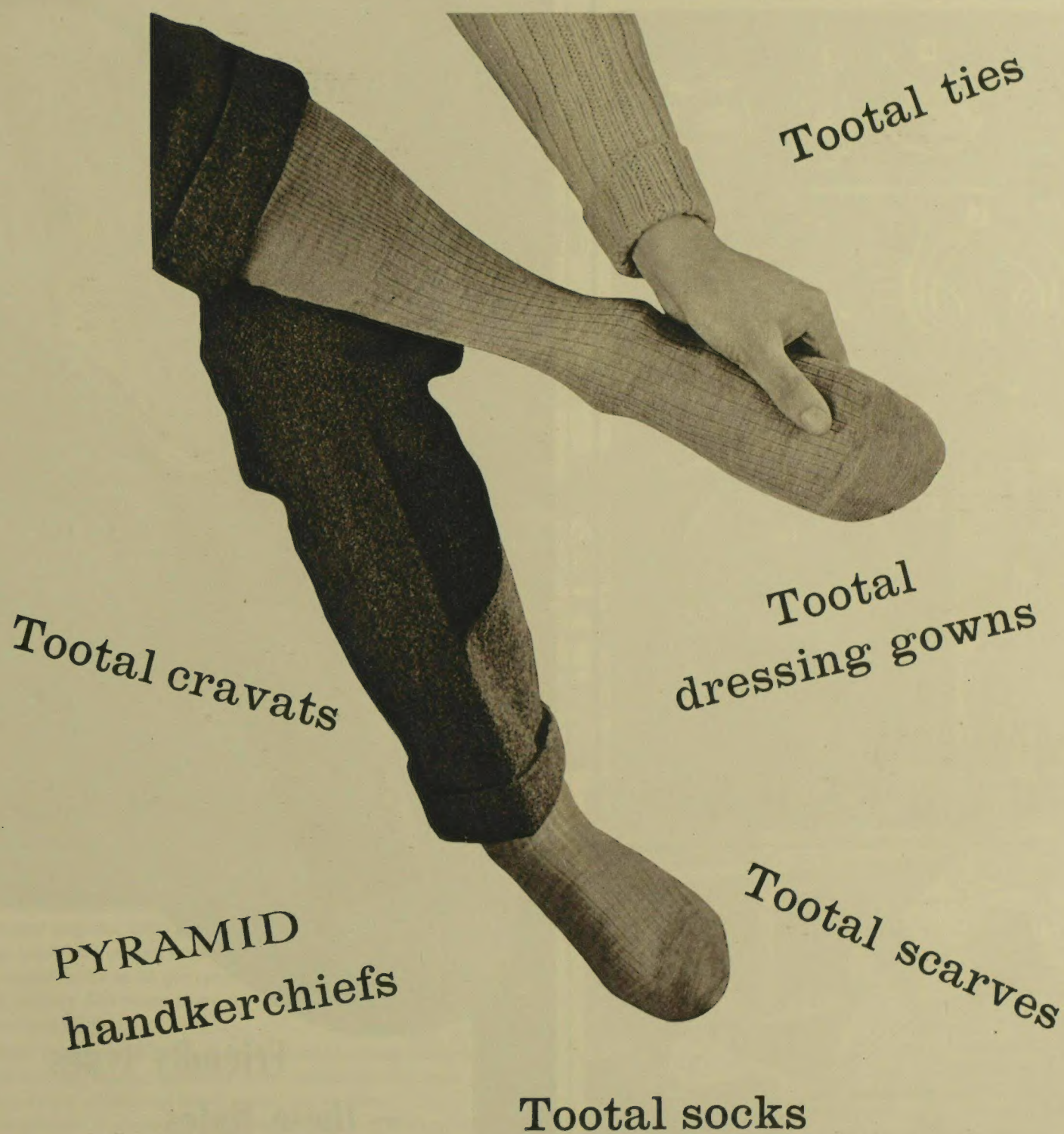
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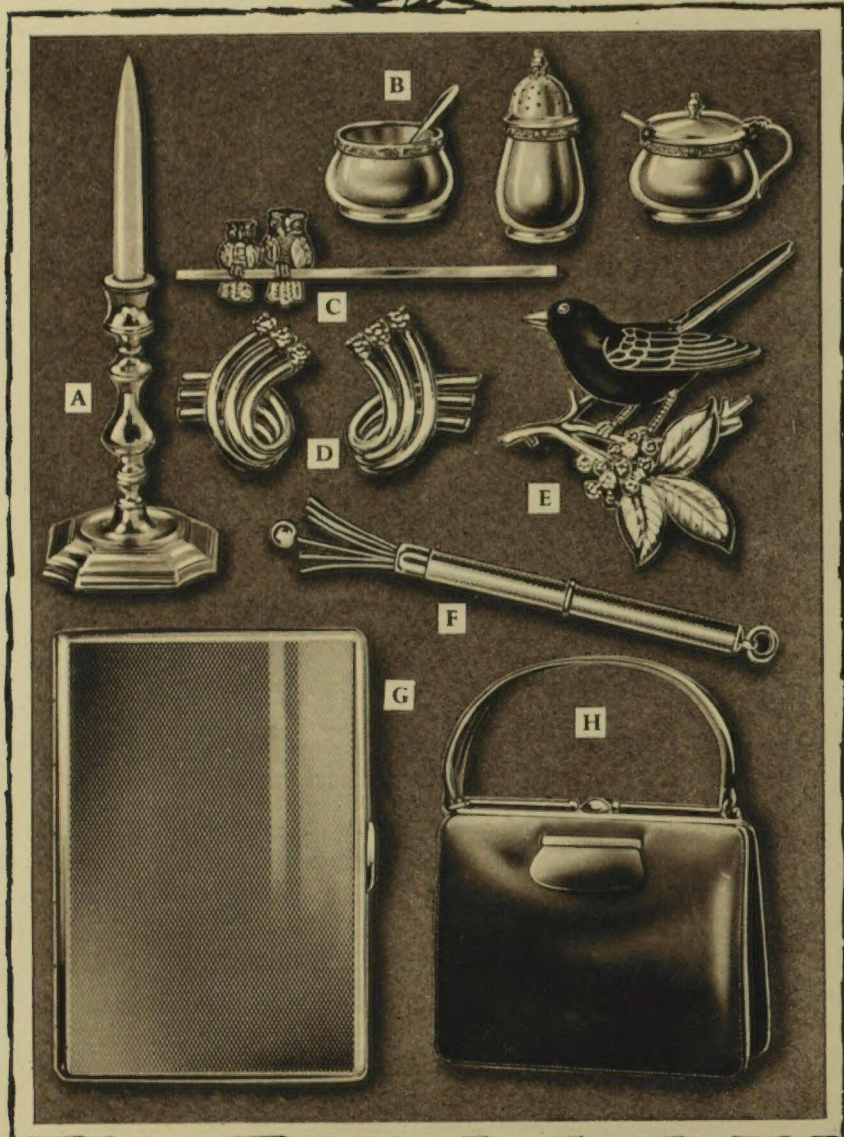
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- G. Cigarette Case, engine turned: Size $3\frac{7}{8}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ " Sterling silver £8.0.0. 9ct. gold £80.0.0. Size $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{3}{8}$ " Sterling silver £10.5.0. 9ct. gold £90.0.0. Size 5" x $3\frac{3}{8}$ " Sterling silver £11.15.0. 9ct. gold £96.0.0.
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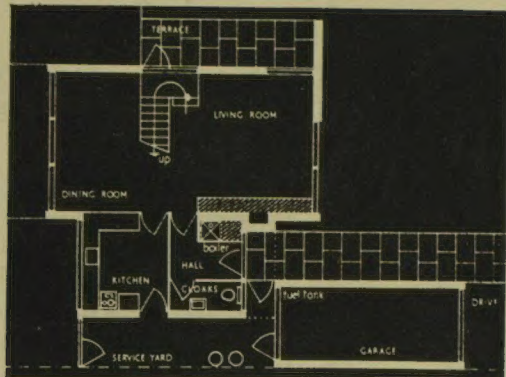
So comfortable and inviting. These wine-shade suede Mules with flexible leather soles, have a special sanitized, mothproof fawn pile lining. Just arrived from the Continent. An ideal Christmas gift—
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39/9

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oil-fired central heating for only £45 extra deposit!



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That means, with an 85 per cent mortgage, the deposit on this house would be only £45 more than the deposit on a house of this size without central heating!

FLEXIBLE, ECONOMICAL The oil-fired central heating incorporated in this design can be the warm-air duct system or the more conventional radiator or skirting-board convector systems.

The installation is planned to heat the living-room, dining-room, hall, bathroom and all three bedrooms. But there's no need to heat them all at once. The temperature of each room can be individually controlled, so the system is quite flexible and, therefore, more economical to run.

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If you are thinking of building, buying or converting, there is a publication on oil-fired central heating, 'Warmth in the Modern Home', that will give you further details. This publication is available to you, free on request; write to: Esso Home Heating Department AR, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW 1.



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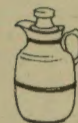


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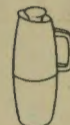
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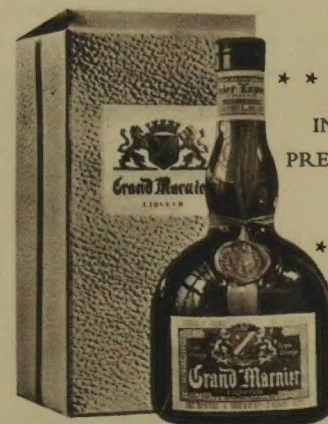
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LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE

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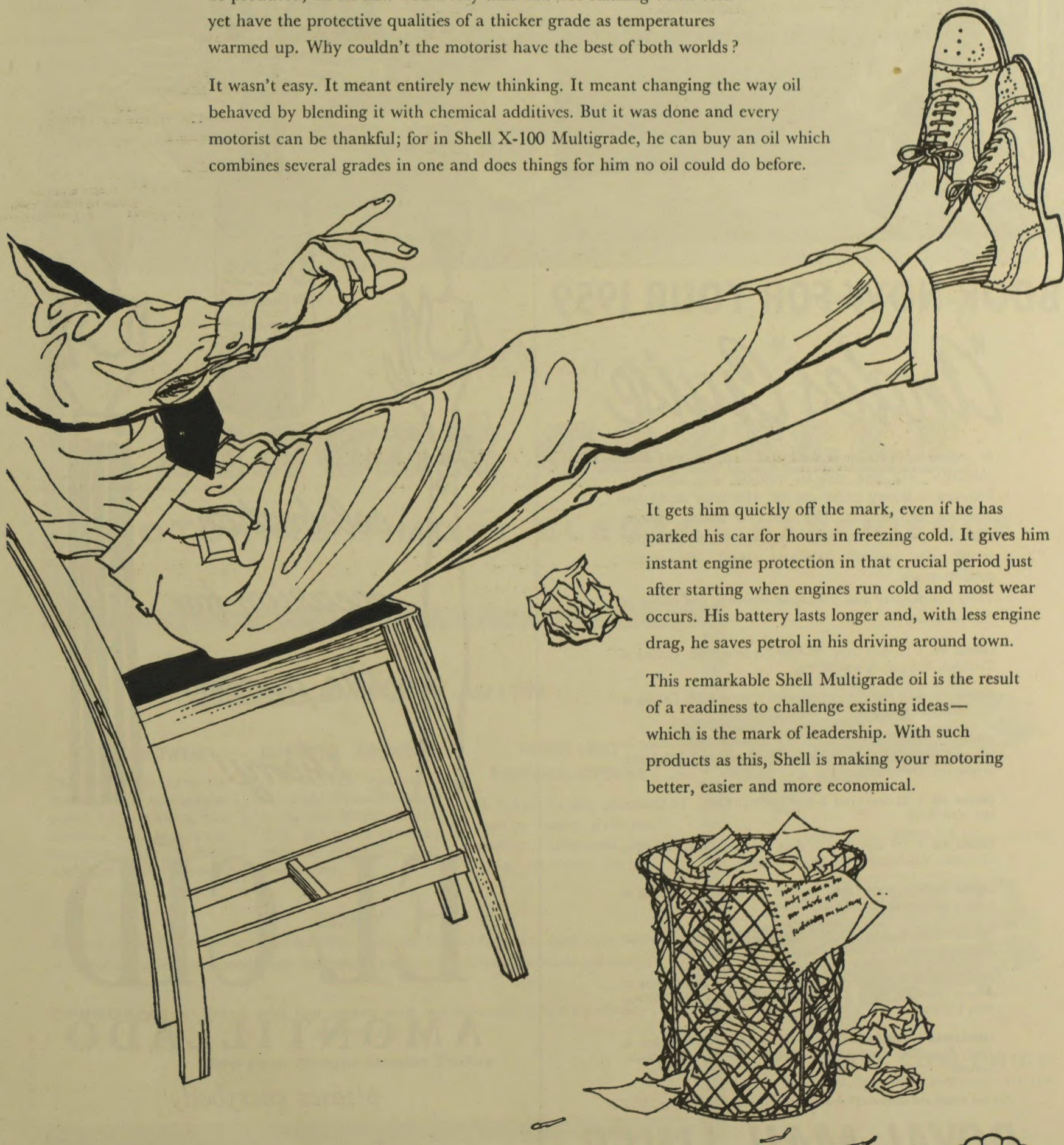
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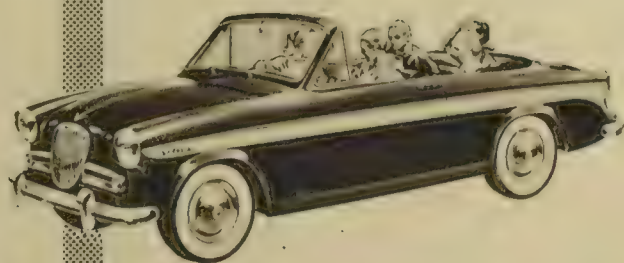
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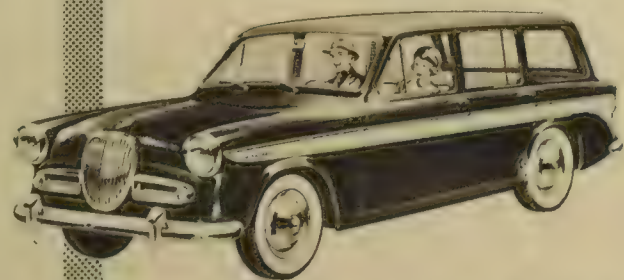
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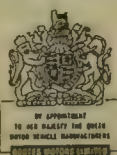
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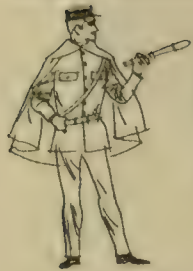


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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1958.



THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S: H.M. THE QUEEN UNVEILS THE MEMORIAL. THE CHAPEL IS BRITAIN'S TRIBUTE TO THE 28,000 AMERICAN SERVICEMEN WHO DIED IN THE LAST WAR WHILE STATIONED IN BRITAIN.

On November 26 the Queen and Mr. Nixon, Vice-President of the United States, were present at the dedication of the American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral. The chapel was dedicated by the Bishop of London, Dr. Campbell; also among the company there were the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. Nixon, the American Ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor and Lord Baillieu. After saying the words of dedication the Bishop placed his hand on the altar and spoke the prayer beseeching God to "bless and sanctify this Table." Shortly afterwards the Queen unveiled the memorial in response to a request by Lord Baillieu. But before she did so she spoke the words, "It is our will and pleasure to do so," and became the first reigning monarch ever to have spoken publicly in

the Cathedral. Throughout this whole ceremony the congregation of 3000 watched the proceedings on closed-circuit television screens placed about the Cathedral, the first time they have been used in St. Paul's. The chapel has been planned for the last thirteen years, and more than 2,000,000 people have contributed £85,000 towards the cost of it. The architects are Mr. S. E. Dykes Bower and Mr. Godfrey Allen. The three stained-glass windows are by Mr. Brian Thomas. The wrought-iron gates, which have recently been repainted and rehung, are by Tijou, who worked on the Cathedral with Wren. The floor is of black-and-white Italian marble designed to make two five-pointed stars, which were the emblem of the Allied Army of Liberation. The service in the main part of St. Paul's is shown on pages 996 and 997.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MY predecessor on this page, G. K. Chesterton—than whom no man more prophetically gifted has appeared in our time—once observed that Modern Man had not only lost the way but had lost the map. To-day, nearly a quarter of a century after his death and after a Second World War and the discovery and development of nuclear destructive power, his remark seems to be even more pertinent than when he made it. For only one thing about the future of humanity now seems clear: that man has no idea where he is going. He wants to travel faster and further, but beyond a vague aspiration to reach the moon—for what precise purpose no one seems to know—he does not appear to have any certain objective at all. He would like, of course, to increase his material comforts and diminish the amount of pain attendant on his brief physical existence and to postpone, as long as possible, the hour of his personal demise. He would also, it seems, like to do less work for more material reward. But there his aspirations end; the meaning of his destiny, as seen by himself, is as confused and hard to guess as that of a Picasso picture. Indeed, that great but perverse artist affords, like so much contemporary music, a perfect reflection of the thoughts and moods of the age. The age, it might be called, of Uncertainty and Bewilderment.

Of course, those who don't know where they are going sometimes reach their destination quickly; the Gadarene swine did, for instance. And Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. But his accent was on the word *hopefully*, and part of Modern Man's trouble is that he hasn't got any hope. He has had so many cosmic disappointments of late that he has grown to expect things to go wrong. Despite the pipe-dream platitudes about future peace and prosperity, so wearisomely reiterated by politicians and Press, the man in the street, so far as he thinks about the human future, is much more afraid than hopeful. He expects atomic wars and slumps, dole-queues and strikes, civil strife and authoritarian regimentation. And he does so with a fatalistic indifference which, in this country at least, is quite alien to the spirit of the past. The pessimism and defeatism of his attitude would have amazed and horrified his cheerful, vigorous great-grandfather of a century ago.

If I had to find in a single word an explanation for the contrast between the philosophy of the mid-nineteenth century and that of the third quarter of the twentieth century I would seek it in the word God. By God, of course, man implies an intellectual idea or abstraction which he cannot define in concrete terms. Men have frequently tried to do so, but always in vain, for to do so involves a contradiction in terms. Even those who fashioned graven images to represent their gods and worshipped and offered sacrifices at their feet never really imagined that the God they feared or sought to propitiate was contained in the inanimate stocks or stones before which they knelt. What they were concerned with was an intangible, invisible and mysteriously indefinable Power

behind the outward form of their man-fashioned idol. That Power was the explanation of life and all its mysteries and perils, the key to their future, the arbiter and guide of their conduct—a spiritual king or captain to lead men out of captivity or danger and point them to the promised land. And history suggests that great human achievement, both individual and corporate, has always been preceded and accompanied by intense religious or spiritual faith. The religions have varied, but faith and the hope and energy begotten by faith have been the common denominator of every great outburst of human vitality. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary." It was not only the prophet Isaiah who noted this phenomenon. Nor was it only the God of Israel who inspired and heartened men to do great things. The cold God in the Kremlin and the bloodthirsty racial Gods of Valhalla and Berchtesgarden have sent men crusading, too.

But we in the West now have apparently no God. Outward oblation to the Christian God is still paid by the official leaders of the Western nations on

every individual soul—derived from the Christian religion and belief in God.

I am far from supposing that this country is incapable of similar conviction and unanimity of sacrifice in the future; if I did, I should have little hope either for it or mankind. Nor do I believe that the Christian faith in Great Britain and Western Europe and America is dead; in many places and among large and powerful minorities it is very much alive and may become much more alive in the future. Yet running through so much of what is now taken for granted by the great mass of our people, including our intellectuals and the creators of public opinion, is the idea that God—and, as an implied consequence, God's will—are antiquated and outmoded notions that no longer have any real validity. Recently, in an interview which that brilliant astronomer, Mr. Fred Hoyle, gave to an interviewer from a popular newspaper on the subject of the creation of the universe, Mr. Hoyle was reported as saying that there was no room for a super being in a universe where there is continuous creation. Since the latest scientific observations and conclusions suggest that creation itself is a ceaseless and continuous process, Mr. Hoyle contended that if a super being exists at all,

he must stand outside space, time and the universe itself. I am not quite clear what Mr. Hoyle's own view of the matter is, but, according to Mr. Hugh McLeave, the writer of the article, "in Hoyle's universe there is no beginning and no end; there is no limit to space and time; and there is no God."* Now if the third of these propositions is supposed to follow from the first and second, I cannot see it as anything but a colossal *non-sequitur*. It is, of course, perfectly true that in the past a large number of unthinking persons supposed God—the old-fashioned name for Mr. Hoyle's hypo-

thetical "super being"—to be Himself confined within the bounds of time and space, a part, as it were, of His own Creation. In its crudest manifestation this supposition took the form of picturing God as a kind of extra-large and venerable, though all-powerful, male human being with a long white beard floating over the cosmos like a figure in a Blake engraving. But no one who has thought deeply about religious experience or probability has ever supposed that God was confined in His own visible Universe or was incapable of standing outside it, and it seems puerile to suggest that because modern science proves—so far as it is capable of proving such a thing—that God cannot be confined within existing Creation, no God can exist. The first condition of an all-powerful God is that He is outside the bounds of his own Creation, outside time and space, outside—except so far as He chooses to manifest himself to man's limited perception and intelligence—the comprehension of man. It is because we know ourselves to be creatures of finite mind and capacity and helpless in a universe of infinite possibility that we believe in an infinite and eternal God. And everything that modern science reveals only heightens the sense of the necessity of God and of man's dependence on Him.

* News Chronicle, Hugh McLeave, "How the World Began," November 19, 1958.

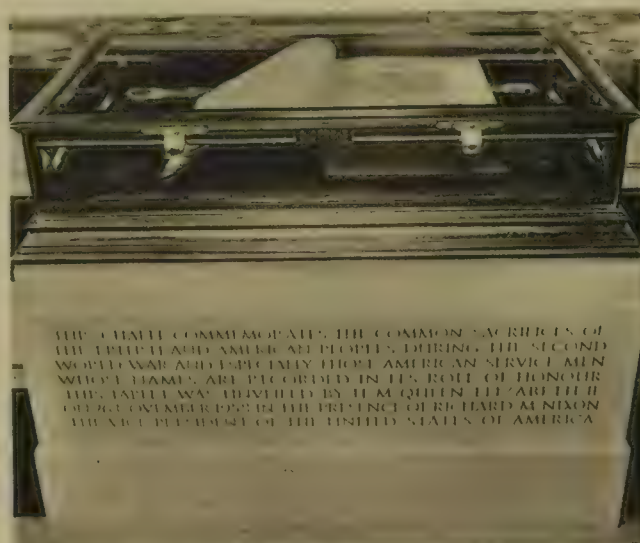
Each name inscribed in this book is a story of personal tragedy and a grieving family; a story repeated endlessly in white crosses girdling the globe. The Americans, whose names here appear, were part of the price that free men have been forced a second time to pay in this century to defend human liberty and rights. Fittingly, this ROLL OF HONOUR has been enshrined by the Mother Country of all English-speaking democracies in this special Chapel of St. Pauls, once a target of barbaric attack. Here, we and all who shall hereafter live in freedom will be reminded that to these men and their comrades of all the Allies we owe a debt to be paid with grateful remembrance of their sacrifice and with the high resolve that the cause for which they died shall live FOREVER.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

28 August 1946



THE MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WHICH PREFACES THE ROLL OF HONOUR IN THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S.



THE ROLL OF HONOUR CONTAINING THE NAMES OF FALLEN AMERICAN SERVICEMEN, AND THE MEMORIAL INSCRIPTION UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN, IN THE PRESENCE OF MR. NIXON, ON NOVEMBER 26.

formal occasions, but in the pursuit of our foreign or economic policy the conception of God and God's will plays no part. And some modern historians, who not unnaturally are swayed by the philosophy of their own age, maintain that it never did. But in this, I am convinced, they are wrong. Belief in God and God's will played an enormous part in the development and policy of this country, for instance, not only in the Middle Ages and in the religious ferment of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but in the Victorian and Edwardian epoch. Great Britain did not go to war in 1914 as is often argued to-day, because of some abstruse technical or diplomatic accident in one or more of the European capitals and chancelleries, but because the people of Britain and their pacifically-minded electoral representatives believed profoundly that it was contrary to the will of God that an aggressor should be allowed to violate with impunity the frontiers, peace and liberty of a small nation whose territorial integrity and neutrality both we and that aggressor had sworn to maintain. Even as late as 1939, though religious faith in Britain was fast declining, we went to war for similar reasons. In other words, as a people we were prepared to lay down our lives and all our material possessions sooner than see what we believed to be a great moral principle flouted and trampled under. That principle—that of political liberty and the right of freedom for



GENERAL DE GAULLE LEAVING THE POLLING BOOTH AFTER THE FIRST BALLOT IN THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTIONS.

General de Gaulle, whose supporters finally proved triumphant in the French general elections, is seen here as he left the polling booth in his electoral station of Colombey-Les-Deux-Eglises in the first ballot of the contest held on November 23. The voting system now adopted in France is a single-member constituency system, allowing for two ballots where the first fails to produce an absolute majority for a candidate in any constituency. Although many candidates did fail to produce such a majority, the results of the initial ballot showed a crushing defeat for the Communists, who lost nearly one million votes, and a considerable success for Right-Wing groups,

notably the neo-Gaullist Union for a New Republic (U.N.R.) led by M. Soustelle. After the first ballot, there was much complex bargaining between the political parties on who should withdraw, in favour of whom, from the second ballot of November 30. The results of the second ballot were even more definite than the provisional results of the first. The Communists and Progressives, having had 144 seats in the Old Chamber, were left with only ten. The seats for orthodox Right-Wing members rose from 107 to 132. And, most significant of all, M. Soustelle's U.N.R. captured 187 seats in the New Chamber, which will have 465 Metropolitan Deputies.

ROYAL OCCASIONS; SIR WINSTON'S 84TH BIRTHDAY; AND THE CENTENARY OF THE G.M.C.



THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. NIXON, WITH HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHEN SHE WAS HIS GUEST AT THE THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER AT THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE.



AT THE THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER: THE QUEEN (RIGHT) LAUGHING WITH MR. NIXON. ON MR. NIXON'S LEFT IS LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN, AND OPPOSITE, MRS. NIXON AND THE PRIME MINISTER. On November 27, the American Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Nixon entertained the Queen at dinner at the American Ambassador's London residence. The menu was that of the traditional Thanksgiving Day dinner, with roast turkey and pumpkin pie.



DANCING AN EIGHTSOME REEL WITH SOME OF THE STUDENTS: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE BALL GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION ON NOVEMBER 28. SHE IS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.



THE NEW ANTECHAPEL OF THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL OF THE SAVOY, WHICH, WITH OTHER NEW ROOMS AND SIX HERALDIC WINDOWS, WAS DEDICATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT A SERVICE OF THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER, CONDUCTED BY THE CHAPLAIN, THE REV. CYRIL CRESSWELL.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS FOR HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY AT CHARTWELL. Congratulations from all over the world reached Chartwell on November 30 for Sir Winston Churchill's eighty-fourth birthday, which was celebrated at home with a number of members of the family. The "Commonwealth" birthday cake was 2 ft. across.

(Right.) CELEBRATING THIS WEEK ITS CENTENARY: THE GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL IN SESSION ON NOVEMBER 27, UNDER ITS PRESIDENT, SIR DAVID CAMPBELL.

The General Medical Council, which came into being 100 years ago, held its 197th session on November 27 at its headquarters at Hallam Street, in London, where fifty-seven delegates at desks, each supplied with the two volumes of *The Medical Register*, answered the roll-call. The President, who is seen in the centre of the dais, is Sir David Campbell, who is sixty-nine and Professor of Materia Medica at Aberdeen University. He is also chairman of the Disciplinary Committee, which adjudges all cases of professional ethics and the breaches of them by doctors.



THE JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE'S ENGAGEMENT TO A COMMONER: PRINCE AKIHITO AND HIS FIANCEE.

(Right.) THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD COUNCIL, WHICH OVERTHREW THE TRADITIONS OF OVER 2500 YEARS IN OFFICIALLY APPROVING THE BETROTHAL OF A COMMONER TO THE CROWN PRINCE.



CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS ON HIS WAY TO THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL MEETING WHICH APPROVED HIS ENGAGEMENT.



THE POPULAR YOUNG HEIR TO THE JAPANESE THRONE: CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO—A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN TOKYO ON HIS TWENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY LAST DECEMBER.



A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL BRIDE-TO-BE: MISS MICHIKO SHODA, TAKEN AT HER HOME IN TOKYO RECENTLY.



MISS MICHIKO SHODA AND HER PARENTS PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR WAY TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO.



AFTER HER BETROTHAL HAD BEEN OFFICIALLY APPROVED: MISS MICHIKO SHODA LEAVING THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND MISS MICHIKO SHODA AT KARUZAWA, WHERE THEY ARE SAID TO HAVE MET WHILE PLAYING TENNIS.

During the past few years there has been intensely keen speculation in Japan about whom the popular young heir to the Throne, Crown Prince Akihito, would marry. From time immemorial the future Empress has been chosen from among the daughters of a small number of princely families; the choice was made by Court officials and the Emperor himself was officially regarded as a divinity. Thus, there was great excitement when it was announced that the Japanese Imperial Council had, on November 27, formally approved the betrothal of a commoner, Miss Michiko Shoda, to Prince Akihito. The announcement was greeted with almost universal acclaim throughout the

country. Before official approval had been given it was known that the Crown Prince intended to play a major part in deciding on his future bride, and it is believed he intends to make a further break with precedent in bringing up his heir and other children within the family circle. In the past the young Crown Prince was separated from his parents and educated by guardians. Both the Crown Prince and his bride-to-be were twenty-four at the time of their engagement, and she is the daughter of the head of a flour-milling company. Emperor Hirohito renounced his claims to divinity, becoming a constitutional monarch, after the Second World War.

THE recent procedure of Mr. Khrushchev is a minor masterpiece in the art of cold war. His first statement was a mixture of aggressiveness and vagueness, which left everyone guessing. No observant spectator can doubt that sharp anxiety was felt in many quarters, sharpest of all in the Federal Republic, whose Government might be expected to be better informed than any other. There was talk of a renewed blockade and discussion of how it should be met. Bonn reacted rather angrily to remarks by Mr. Dulles suggesting that East German officials might in certain circumstances be accepted as agents of the Soviet Union to control military and official traffic in and out of Berlin.

When the Russian plan appeared on November 27 it was as unwelcome as the most pessimistic had expected. On the other hand, it involved nothing in the nature of a *coup* and no immediate threat of blockade. Mr. Khrushchev does not follow the crude Stalinist methods—anyhow, so far. A breathing-space of six months is allowed for discussion and planning. There will be need of all that time. Again, there is talk of "concessions." In fact, if we presuppose that the foundation on which all rests is reasonable and practicable, there is one genuine concession. West Berlin is to be permitted, if it so chooses, to carry on as an independent city, with its existing administrative, economic, social, and ideological machinery.

The proposal is that within six months West Berlin shall become a free city, unconnected with either of the two Germanies, but with power to trade eastward and westward and with freedom from restrictions on the movement of its citizens in either direction. The Soviet Union will denounce unilaterally its agreement with its former allies for the division of the city into four areas. At the end of the six-month period, whether or not the Western Powers have agreed to the proposals, the plan will be put into force on the Russian side. Russian forces will withdraw—unlike those of the West, they have only a few steps to go—and East Germany will be given full sovereignty over the approaches to West Berlin by land, sea and air.

No definite undertaking or threat with reference to the situation arising should the Western Powers refuse to accept the proposals, appears in the message. The possibility that the East German Government would attempt a blockade of some sort is by no means precluded. Needless to say, this would be an ugly situation. Supposing the East German forces failed in their attempt to enforce a blockade and the Government appealed to Russia—but this is the kind of peril which is too obvious to need discussion. All that Mr. Khrushchev has to say about such a situation is that "there would be no topic left for talks on the Berlin question."

I have been asked more than once by otherwise well-informed people for information about the agreement providing the Western Powers with right of access to Berlin. Strange to say, there is no such agreement in writing. How naive we were to go in without one! Yet if they hold the right to occupy Berlin, as is clearly laid down in agreements, the right of access by the Western Powers to the city must be inherent in the right to be there. No lawyer hesitates on this point, and in any case right of access, including access

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE MYSTERY OF BERLIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

by air, has been confirmed from the Russian side. The Russians do not even pretend to face the legal argument that they cannot shed their obligations *unilaterally* without breach of international law.

One of Mr. Khrushchev's aims is doubtless to obtain official recognition of the East German régime. The practical man may ask: "Why not?" Politics do not always fit into the practical man's ideas. The very mention of recognition is abominable to Dr. Adenauer and the Government of the Federal Republic. They regard their rivals in Berlin as the mouthpieces and puppets

zones and the Russian was to become a closed political frontier or that, in consequence, those forces were to take on many of the characteristics of a beleaguered garrison.

The blockade first brought home to them the fact that their commitment had become moral as well as political.

They had already to assume responsibility for the fate of many citizens pledged to them by friendship and who would have to bear the consequences if they departed or were forced out. To-day this argument is even stronger than it was when the air lift was brought into operation. The Federal Government has become a sovereign Power, well organised, successful, respected, holding similar views on freedom, and an ally. It cannot be let down any more than can the people of West Berlin.

What would the latter's prospects be if the plan were put into force? Would supervision by the United Nations, of which Mr. Khrushchev spoke

provide them with adequate safeguards? It would obviously be better than nothing, but, if past experience is any guide, it would by no means suffice. We all realise without difficulty that West Berlin is dependent on the Federal Republic for its ideals. A less obvious though equally important fact is that it could not exist economically without the assistance of Bonn. Placed as it is—and this factor would not change, at all events not for a long time, under the proposed régime—its westward trade carries too many burdens to be self-supporting.

What are the prospects of the period of grace affording opportunities for negotiations which will be something more than mere wrangles? In the first place, any negotiations which take place can, as I see it, do so only on the understanding that the Western Powers do not accept the invalidity of the quadruple obligations concerning Berlin. Then, the Western Powers may be expected to offer the strongest opposition to the encirclement of West Berlin within the boundaries of a State the very existence of which they regard as illegal. If Soviet Russia can repudiate one agreement unilaterally, the value of future agreements underwritten by her cannot be considered valuable. Certainly, according to reports so far, the people of West Berlin do not appear impressed by that dangled before it by Mr. Khrushchev.

There is little point, however, in prophecy at this stage. The first task of the Powers concerned is that of consultation with each other and the hammering out of a reply. They will find that the six months graciously accorded by Mr. Khrushchev will pass only too quickly, and it will certainly not be wise to

sit back and trust that all will be well on the day. The present Russian dictator may be more prudent than Stalin, but he is in practice equally tough and at least as astute. The plan which he has put forward is assured of welcome not only among foes of the Western Powers but also among the naïve. We are in for a rough and arduous spell, in which we shall have to meet ingenious misrepresentation as well as angry reproaches. National leaders will require clear heads and good nerves in this period of six months.

In our issue of November 29, we stated that Picasso's painting, "Mother and Child," was sold recently in New York for £45,285. This was a typographical error. The figure should, of course, have read £54,285.



LONDON URCHINS SNOWBALLING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PIONEER'S STATUE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON: AN ENTERTAINING PHIL MAY DRAWING OF 1902 REPRODUCED IN OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER, NOW ON SALE.

One of the numerous attractions in this year's Christmas Number is a series of amusing drawings by Phil May, of which this is one. In addition, there are three entertaining stories for Christmas-time reading, and beautiful reproductions of paintings and drawings ranging in date over a period of 2000 years. Representing the art of ancient times are Roman paintings illustrating Greek tales, which were miraculously preserved when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. "Polyphonic Evening, November," and "Winter Legend, 1957," are two examples by Alan Reynolds of contemporary painting. Among the drawings and reproduced in photolithography is the charming "Head of a Young Woman," by François Boucher. The Christmas Number, which makes an ideal combined greeting and gift, can be obtained at leading bookstalls and newsagents, price 4s., or from the Publisher for 4s. 6d., post free.

of Soviet Russia, who have lent themselves to the treason of splitting Germany in two. To deal in any way with these renegades they consider would be not only morally repulsive but betrayal of the cause of German unity.

The position of the United States, Britain and France in Berlin has always been difficult and bedevilled by the action of the Russians in dividing Germany. At first their representatives met the Russian commander regularly, but for long there have been virtually no dealings between the two sides on the spot. When their forces moved in they had already reason to suppose that matters would be none too easy, but they cannot have foreseen that the boundary between their

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



A CONVOY APPROACHING AN ALLIED CHECKPOINT AT DREILINDEN AFTER ITS PASSAGE FROM WEST GERMANY THROUGH THE EAST GERMAN ZONE TO BERLIN.



PART OF THE STOCKPILE OF MEAT WHICH THE BERLIN AUTHORITIES MAINTAIN IN DEEP-FREEZE AGAINST A POSSIBLE RECURRENCE OF THE 1948 BLOCKADE.

WEST BERLIN: FOOD STOCK-PILES AGAINST THE THREAT OF BLOCKADE.

The current Russian manoeuvres over the future status of Berlin have naturally revived Berliners' memories of the blockade of 1948 and the air-lift which then kept them going; and the city authorities have built up huge stockpiles of essential foods, reputedly enough to last for six months. Berlin draws nearly all its supplies from the Federal Republic, the only important product being received from the East being lignite. It has its own electricity, water and gas supplies. About 60 per cent. of Berlin's produce goes to the Federal Republic, East Germany receiving about 1 per cent. The East German Republic has recently been wooing the Berliners with certain offers, notably of jobs in the eastern sector, and a regular supply of 10,000 gallons of milk. In the last week of November the rate of refugees from the East to the Federal Republic jumped considerably, against the seasonal average; and West Berliners' nerves are reported to be both steady and stubborn.

(Right.) GIANT GRAIN STORAGE BINS AT THE EISWERDER STOCKPILE IN BERLIN, UNDERGOING A PERIODIC INSPECTION DURING THE CURRENT POLITICAL TENSION.



DRUMS OF COOKING OIL STOCKPILED IN WEST BERLIN. THE CITY IS ALMOST ENTIRELY SUPPLIED FROM THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC, WHICH IS ALSO ITS CHIEF MARKET.



SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF SACKS OF REFINED SUGAR IN WEST BERLIN STORAGE DEPOTS. SIX MONTHS' SUPPLY OF FOOD IS REPUTEDLY IN STORE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



RUSSIA. A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD PRINT OF THE ORIGINAL FACTORY OF WOLFSCHMIDT LTD., IN RIGA, RUSSIA, WHICH AFFORDS AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO PRESENT-DAY DISTILLERIES. The firm of Wolfschmidt, makers of vodka and kümmel, was founded by Mr. A. Wolfschmidt in Riga in 1847 and prospered until the revolution in 1917. Then the holdings were lost. They were regained when Latvia became independent in 1918. All went well, but only until 1940, when the firm was expropriated by the Soviets. But once more Wolfschmidt re-emerged: this time in 1946 in England, with members of the family who had escaped with the original formulae.



McMURDO SOUND, ANTARCTICA. AFTER BREAKING THROUGH 600 MILES OF ICE, AN AMERICAN SHIP UNLOADS VITALLY NEEDED SUPPLIES AT McMURDO SOUND STATION. The United States Navy icebreaker *Glacier* recently spent eight days ploughing through ice to McMurdo Sound, at the entrance of which she had to penetrate ice 7 to 10 ft. thick. *Glacier*, the free world's most powerful icebreaker, is the first vessel to achieve this.



ROME. THE SHAH OF PERSIA PAYING HOMAGE IN FRONT OF THE TOMB OF THE ITALIAN UNKNOWN SOLDIER ON NOVEMBER 28.

One day after he arrived in Rome for a short State visit, the Shah of Persia, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, gave this salute before Italy's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. While in Italy, the Shah was the guest of President Giovanni Gronchi.



NEW YORK. THE MODEL OF A NEW PARACHUTE WITH SAIL-LIKE BLADES IS DEMONSTRATED WITH THE USE OF AN ELECTRIC FAN.

This photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. Lyman Ford, president of the Pioneer Parachute Co., who will manufacture the parachute, Mr. David Barish, the aeronautical engineer who designed it, and Mr. Laurance Rockefeller, who contributed financially.



ASWAN, EGYPT. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN IS HELPED ACROSS SOME PLANKS WHEN SHE VISITS THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE LATE AGA KHAN.



ASWAN, EGYPT. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN STANDING ON THE PARAPETS OF THE MAUSOLEUM WHERE THE LATE AGA KHAN WILL BE BURIED.

The Begum Aga Khan has made a journey to Aswan to view the progress which had been made in the mausoleum where the late Aga Khan will be buried. The mausoleum is due to be completed next year. The Begum made great efforts to conquer vertigo in climbing the scaffolding.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER MEETING TRIBAL LEADERS NEAR THE NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL AT SHEIKH DURING HIS VISIT TO BRITISH SOMALILAND.



(Above.)
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER USING A CINE-CAMERA FROM THE TOP OF THE SHEIKH PASS, NEAR BURAO. AT BURAO, A BIG WATERING CENTRE, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS MET TRIBAL AND RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

(Right.)
A TRIBUTE TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN BRITISH SOMALILAND: A GUARD OF HONOUR OF SOMALI SCOUTS. A SPECTACULAR MOUNTED CHARGE WAS GIVEN AFTER THEY ARRIVED.



SOMALILAND PROTECTORATE: THE VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

FOLLOWING their visit to Ethiopia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived in the Somaliland Protectorate—situated in the eastern tip of Africa—on November 19. After their arrival, the Duke formally opened the new airport at Hargeisa, where a spectacular mounted charge of tribesmen took place. Thousands of Somalis were present to see the arrival of the Royal visitors in spite of recent Cairo broadcasts urging that the occasion should be boycotted. During the visit the Duke unveiled a plaque at the new secondary school at Sheikh, and at Burao, a big watering centre for nomadic tribesmen, both he and the Duchess met members of the Somaliland Scouts and tribal and religious leaders. At Burao, they were welcomed with the traditional greeting: "May rest be yours, and camels." At a durbar at Hargeisa, the Duke spoke to the assembly of the problems confronting them at this stage of their advance towards self-government.

ADEN. A BRIEF VISIT ENDING A TROPICAL TOUR.

THE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived in Aden from the Somaliland Protectorate for their brief visit on Nov. 24. They arrived at the R.A.F. airfield at Khormaksar, where they were greeted by the Governor of the Colony, Sir William Luce, and Air Vice-Marshal M. L. Heath, Air Officer Commanding British Forces, Arabian Peninsula, and after their arrival attended a dinner party at Government House. The following day, the Duke of Gloucester, wearing military uniform, inspected British and Arab forces. His tour included visits to the offices of the resident naval officer; Singapore Lines, and to Sedaseer Lines, to which he was accompanied by an Aden Protectorate Levies camel escort party. He also paid visits to the R.A.F. unit at Khormaksar and to the military camp at Mukeiras, in the Western Aden Protectorate. The Duchess of Gloucester inspected W.R.A.F. units, the R.A.F. hospital, the modern 500-bed Elizabeth Hospital and the Aden Girls' College. In the evening, the Royal visitors left by air for Britain.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WITH JOINT COMMAND OFFICERS IN A STONE OUTPOST.



A SOLDIER OF THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVIES MANNING AN OUTPOST ON A DISTURBED PART OF THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE FRONTIER.



SOME OF THE TRIBESMEN WHO CO-OPERATE WITH BRITISH FORCES ON THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE FRONTIER, WHICH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER VISITED.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



JAFFA, ISRAEL. AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. JOYCE DORAN, WHO WAS FOUND SHOT ON THE ISRAEL-SYRIA BORDER: THE SCENE IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY. Mrs. Doran, who was murdered near the Sea of Galilee on November 18-19, was buried at Jaffa on November 21. By then U.N. military observers had completed their report on the shooting, but refused to disclose the contents. Mrs. Doran was the wife of the British Air Attaché in Israel.



EGYPT. MEMBERS OF A RUSSIAN DELEGATION, HEADED BY MR. NIKITIN (WHITE JACKET), INSPECTING THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED ASWAN HIGH DAM, FOR THE BUILDING OF WHICH RUSSIA HAS OFFERED A £35,000,000 LOAN.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. THE FIRST STAGE IN A MAJOR NAVAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL OPERATION: RAISING THE RUDDER OF THE 300-YEAR-OLD *VASA*.

On August 10, 1628, the Swedish warship *Vasa* capsized and sank. She is believed to be very well preserved and lying in about 17 fathoms, and it is hoped to lift her intact during the summer of next year.

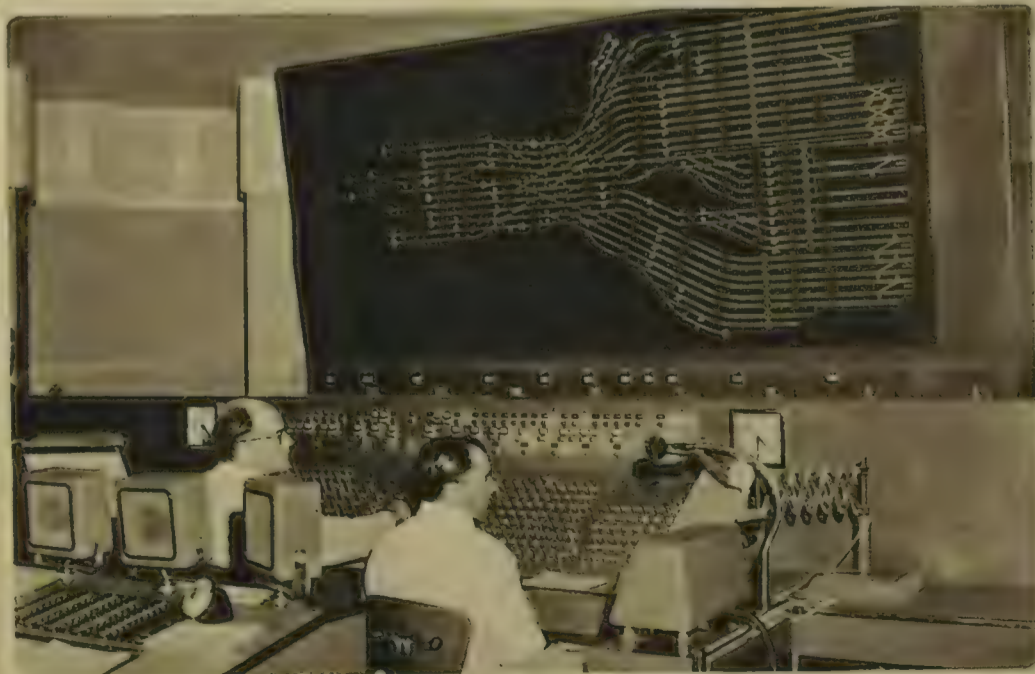


KHARTOUM, SUDAN. GENERAL ABOUD, CENTRE FOREGROUND, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER, WITH MEMBERS OF THE SUPREME MILITARY COUNCIL.

On November 18, General Abboud announced his new Government, with himself as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence. It contains six other officers and five civilians; and six other officers make up the Supreme Military Council. General Abboud has said that the forces did not intend to hold power for ever.



PEKIN, CHINA. THE CATHEDRAL OF PEITAN WHICH IS BEING CLOSED FOR LACK OF A CONGREGATION, IT IS STATED. THE PRESBYTERY IS USED AS A LAY SCHOOL.



PARIS. THE NEW ELECTRONIC SWITCHBOARD AT THE GARE DU NORD, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY INSTALLED AND IS CLAIMED AS ONE OF THE MOST MODERN IN THE WORLD.



FIUMICINO, ITALY. THE CROSS-TIMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL ROMAN LIGHTER, DISCLOSED DURING EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW AIRPORT. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BOAT, WHILE STILL COVERED, APPEARED IN OUR LAST ISSUE. IT WAS PROBABLY USED TO CARRY GRAIN UP RIVER FROM OSTIA.

A GREAT ACTOR AND HIS TIMES.

"DAVID GARRICK." By CAROLA OMAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE history of the English theatre during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century contains much that is paradoxical. Its chief ornament was no less an actor than the subject of this biography—probably the greatest English actor of all time, and his contemporaries among the men were James Quin and Charles Macklin, while among the women there were Anne Oldfield, Lavinia Fenton, and Peg Woffington: yet in spite of these great names there can be no doubt that the stage was still suffering in the eyes of many under the reputation for licence which it had acquired in the days of the Restoration. It was not a little unfortunate that such should be the case at the very moment when a religious revival was being inaugurated by Wesley, for on the part of a section of the population it gave rise to that hatred for the theatre and everything connected with it which was to become one of the most unpleasing characteristics of the nineteenth century. The intolerance which seemed to have been buried with the Commonwealth was unhappily given a new lease of life.

Such being the case, it is in no way surprising that Garrick, like many a young man of later date, should have experienced strong disapproval from his relatives when he announced his intention of going on the stage. His grandfather had been a Huguenot refugee from the Bordeaux area, while his father held a commission in the British Army, so his immediate family were not inclined to view his choice of a profession very favourably. Once he had taken the plunge he wrote to his brother:—

My mind (as you must know) has been always inclined to the Stage, nay, so strongly that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. Finding at last both my inclination and interest requir'd some new way of life, I have chosen the most agreeable to myself, and tho' I know you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope when you find that I have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severely of me and not be ashamed to own me for a brother.

From the beginning Garrick stepped into the front rank, and he was very early able to assuage the qualms of his relatives by writing, "The great, nay incredible, success and approbation I have met with from the greatest persons in England have almost made me resolve (though I am sorry to say against your entreaties) to pursue it, as I shall certainly make a fortune by it if health continues." A fortune he certainly did make, for he left something in the nature of a hundred thousand pounds. In addition, he did a very great deal to raise the theatrical profession above the reproaches which had been levelled against it when he first went on the stage. No longer would sober men write, as his friend Sir John Hawkins wrote, "A play-house, and the regions about it, are the very hotbeds of vice."

As in the case of every other actor and actress, past and present, Garrick's success was won by hard work, especially in his earlier years. In those days the London theatrical season finished in the late spring, after which the better-known players departed to Dublin, then described as "the nursery of the English stage," while their less fortunate brethren toured the provinces. In 1742, at the age of twenty-five, Garrick first visited the Irish capital to play with Peg Woffington in "The Constant Couple," and in these pages his

biographer has traced in detail the romance between them. Let it be said at once that she is kinder to the lady than was the elder Sheridan, who described her to William Windham as "a most willing bitch, artful, dissembling, lewd, and malicious." However this may be, there can be no doubt that at one time Garrick was deeply enamoured of her, but even he grew tired of her repeated infidelities, and there can be no doubt that Mademoiselle Violette, the Viennese dancer, proved more satisfactory as a wife.

At the same time Garrick had his failures in management, it is true—the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon in 1769 was one of them, but he became a public figure to a far greater extent than any subsequent member of his profession:—

He often used to drop in at the House of Commons to listen to a debate. When two members fell into such an altercation that the House was cleared of strangers, a country member, Squire Baldwin, Member for Shropshire, looked up and saw one figure still in the gallery. An old actor was spell-bound, watching gentlemen quarrelling. But when Mr. Baldwin drew the Speaker's attention to the fact, the feeling of the House was instantly against him. A general groan went up. Burke sprang to his feet and asked why they should

Continent she proves herself equally well-informed regarding the circumstances and the company in which he moved; yet in spite of all this she obviously finds it difficult to explain exactly what it was that made the great man great.

One of the qualities which appealed most to his contemporaries was that he was so different in his various parts. They had become accustomed to going to see Cibber, Quin, or Foote, who were always recognisable by their pronounced mannerisms from the moment that they appeared on the stage, and, like many an actor of our own time, were never much different in whatever part they were playing. This was far from being the case with Garrick. Quin, we are told by Miss Oman, "in his usual green velvet coat, enormous periwig and high-heeled square-toed shoes, 'paved' out his periods in full heavy monotony, accompanying them with a weary sawing motion." An Irish peer described him as resembling an old unwieldy man-of-war, slow in manœuvring to bring her broadside to bear, compared with Garrick who reminded him rather of a little frigate, easy to handle, and able to land her shots when and where she chose.

In effect, all the evidence goes to show that acting had become stylised, and that Garrick made it natural again. When Richard Cumberland, then a boy at Westminster, first saw him appear on the stage he noted, "It seemed as if a whole century had been step't over in the transition of a single scene." The older actors had been dominated by their parts; Garrick interpreted them. Perhaps this freshness, and the break with a traditional type of acting which had become stereotyped, was the real secret of his appeal. Down the ages Garrick comes to us not only as a dominating personality, and clearly as a man of great charm, but as an innovator in the art of acting. Whatever part he was playing he was that part.

For these reasons it is impossible not to regret that Miss Oman, while stressing the gulf that separated Garrick from his predecessors, has not thought fit to discuss his influence upon his successors, but among so much that is good it is captious to criticise. Moore was a very different man from Nelson, and both were very different from Garrick, but our author has handled all three with consummate skill, and she has certainly no cause to be ashamed of the last of the trilogy.

A full-page survey of Christmas books for children by E. D. O'Brien appears on page 1014 of this issue.



GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGIER IN ACT 2, SCENE VI, OF BEN JONSON'S "THE ALCHEMIST." A DETAIL FROM A CONVERSATION PIECE BY JOHANN ZOFFANY.

Garrick first appeared in this part on March 21, 1743, and played it for the last time on April 11, 1776, in his farewell season. "Last night I played Abel Druggier for the last time," commented Garrick. "I thought the audience were cracked, and they almost turned my brain."

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exclude a man to whom they were all obliged, the great master of eloquence, in whose school they had all learned the art of speaking and the very elements of rhetoric. He was warmly seconded by Fox and Townshend. There was very nearly a motion that Mr. Garrick be given an exclusive privilege to be present whenever he pleased.

It was, indeed, Garrick's interest, not so much in politics as in politicians, which in all probability lost him a knighthood, for he had friends such as Wilkes and Burke, who were anathema to George III. His cool personal reception by that monarch was also a disappointment to him, though his friend Dr. Johnson sagely observed, "He should not, in a Royal apartment, expect the hallooing and clamour of the One Shilling Gallery. The King, I doubt not, gave him as much applause as was rationally his due." All the same, Garrick complained that "it was as if they had thrown a wet blanket over me."

Miss Oman is one of the most painstaking historians of the day, as those who have read her biographies of Nelson and Moore will readily agree, and there can be little to say about Garrick, particularly as a social figure, which she has not said in this volume. Furthermore, her book is a veritable encyclopædia of everything relating to the English stage in the middle of the eighteenth century, and even when Garrick visits the



THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS CAROLA OMAN.

Carol Oman was born at Oxford in 1897 and was a daughter of Sir Charles Oman, the historian. She was educated at Wychwood School, Oxford. In 1922 she married Sir Gerald Lenanton, who died in 1952. During these years she published nine historical novels, including "Crouch-back" and "Major Grant." She began to write historical biographies in 1935 and found these her most satisfying work. "Henrietta Maria" and "Elizabeth of Bohemia" were followed by "Nelson" and "Sir John Moore," which was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for biography in 1953. Miss Oman is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and a Trustee of the National Maritime Museum.



GARRICK AS RANGER IN "THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND," BY FRANCIS HAYMAN, WHO WAS THE PRINCIPAL SCENE-PAINTER AT DRURY LANE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF GARRICK'S CAREER THERE. GARRICK CREATED THE PART OF RANGER, IN BENJAMIN HOADLY'S COMEDY, ON DECEMBER 4, 1747.

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* "David Garrick." By Carol Oman. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 42s.)



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XVIII. WREKIN COLLEGE.



A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS NEW SCHOOL AT WREKIN COLLEGE—TRADITIONALLY DESCRIBED AS "THE SCHOOL IN A GARDEN."



BOYS WALKING TOWARDS THE NEW GORDON SCHOOL ALONG THE CENTRAL PATHWAY ACROSS THE BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT LAWNS.



THE SCENE DURING MORNING PRAYERS IN THE CHAPEL, WHICH IS NOTABLE FOR ITS BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY.



A CLASS LEAVING NEW SCHOOL, CONTAINING SCIENCE LABORATORIES, LECTURE ROOMS AND CLASSROOMS, FOR THEIR MORNING BREAK.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

WREKIN COLLEGE was founded in 1880 by John Bayley, the Head Master of an elementary school in Wellington, Shropshire. It opened as a boarding-school with five pupils, and the small house in which they were educated is still standing. The present buildings are situated near the original School, and with their surrounding gardens, playing fields and farmlands, occupy a pleasantly secluded area just outside Wellington, commanding on three sides fine views of the Shropshire countryside. Nearby is the Wrekin, the solitary hill from which the College takes its name. The school grounds cover 120 acres and the number of boarders has grown from five to 390. School House, now containing the dining halls and the Bayley Library, was built in 1885, and the Old School now accommodates two of the six boarding-houses. The acquisition of the spacious College grounds was largely due to John Bayley's foresight.

AT WREKIN COLLEGE, A FLOURISHING SHROPSHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOL.



THE HEAD MASTER, MR. R. H. DAHL, DURING A DISCUSSION WITH SOME OF THE PREFECTS IN HIS STUDY.



"BREWING UP," READING MAGAZINES AND LISTENING TO GRAMOPHONE RECORDS: A SCENE OF RELAXATION IN A SENIOR STUDY.



GETTING THE BALL AWAY FROM THE SCRUM: MR. F. M. TOMLINS, IN CHARGE OF RUGBY FOOTBALL, GIVES A LIVELY DEMONSTRATION.



MR. P. A. S. STEVENSON, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, PLAYS THE PIANO DURING MUSIC APPRECIATION.



THE SCENE UNDER THE ARCH IN OLD SCHOOL AFTER LUNCH. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE HEAD MASTER (RIGHT) AND THE SECOND MASTER.



A NIGHT SCENE IN A DORMITORY IN BAYLEY HOUSE: SOME OF THE JUNIOR BOYS PREPARING FOR BED.

In 1954, a new single-storey block of classrooms, the Gordon Schools, was begun at Wrekin College. While five of the classrooms are already in use, six more are still under construction. The development of Wrekin College, which has been going on almost unceasingly since its comparatively recent foundation, is thus continuing. The Gordon Schools, designed by Mr. L. Creak, are to be reserved for the teaching of the humanities, allowing the teaching of science and mathematics to be concentrated in New School. Further work has yet to be done on the exterior of the old gymnasium to

complete its conversion into a Second World War Memorial Hall. The conversion is being carried out to the design of Mr. Ewen Harper, who was also responsible for the enlargement of the Chapel, and the interior of the Hall is already in use as either a theatre or gymnasium. In recent years the removal of a number of high walls and fences has considerably enhanced the beauty of the School, and the new tuck-shop near the cricket field will blend well with the existing buildings. The present Head Master of Wrekin is Mr. R. H. Dahl, who succeeded Mr. Pentreath in 1952.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

FROM THE BAYLEY LIBRARY TO THE LABORATORIES IN NEW SCHOOL: VARIED SCENES AT WREKIN COLLEGE.



A SCENE OF CONCENTRATION IN THE BAYLEY LIBRARY IN SCHOOL HOUSE, WHICH ALSO CONTAINS THE DINING HALLS.



BOYS WORKING IN THE WELL-EQUIPPED METAL WORKSHOP, TO WHICH FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS ARE NOW BEING MADE.



A VIEW OF THE HANDICRAFT SHOP, WHERE ARTICLES OF A VERY HIGH STANDARD OF WORKMANSHIP ARE PRODUCED.



A CLASS IN PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE PHYSICS DEMONSTRATION ROOMS IN THE SPACIOUSLY LAID-OUT NEW SCHOOL, OPENED IN 1927.



SETTING TYPE FOR THE SCHOOL'S PRINTING PRESS, ON WHICH A VARIETY OF PRINTING WORK IS CARRIED OUT.

JOHN BAYLEY, the founder of the School, had vigorous ideas on education, believing strongly in character training, and under his direction his new School flourished. He built a Chapel (considerably enlarged and beautified in 1937), a gymnasium, fives courts and the swimming-bath, and also made the cricket ground, which—with its tree-lined banks on three sides—is one of great beauty. The School is noted for its abundant and well-tended lawns, herbaceous borders, flower-beds and trees, and fully deserves its description as "the school in a garden." John Bayley, who was knighted for his services to education in 1933 and who died as recently as 1952, was

(Continued opposite.



THE SECOND MASTER AND SENIOR SCIENTIST, MR. J. R. FROST, SUPERVISING AN EXPERIMENT ON THE MAGNETISATION OF IRON.



Continued.] succeeded in 1923—shortly after control of the School had been handed over to a Council of Governors—by the late Mr. W. M. Gordon. The School owes much of its present character to Mr. Gordon, and during his long headmastership New School, the fine block of science laboratories, lecture rooms and classrooms designed by Mr. W. D. R. Taggart, of Belfast, was opened. Four boarding-houses were designed, a sanatorium acquired, and squash courts erected, and the School was given much of the look it has to-day. Numbers increased, and the games fields were extended. Mr. Gordon's headmastership lasted until 1944, when the Rev. A. G. C. Pentreath became Head Master.



IN ONE OF THE PHYSICS LABORATORIES: A SENIOR BOY USING COMPLEX EQUIPMENT TO OBSERVE A WAVEFORM.



FOUR MEMBERS OF THE WINNING HOUSE SHOOTING TEAM PRACTISING IN THE MINIATURE RANGE UNDER R.S.M. WILLIAMS' SUPERVISION.



STUDYING BONE STRUCTURE: A CLASS IN A BIOLOGY ROOM IN NEW SCHOOL, EXAMINING A BIRD SKELETON.



A GROUP WATCHING AN EXPERIMENT ON THE INTERFERENCE OF WATER WAVES—USING A SPECIAL RIPLE TANK—IN ONE OF THE PHYSICS LABORATORIES.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



THE DEDICATION OF THE UNITED STATES CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S: THE QUEEN AND VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON WATCHING "OLD GLORY" BEING TAKEN TO THE HIGH ALTAR.

The moving ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral in the presence of H.M. The Queen and Vice-President Nixon was a warming reminder of Anglo-American friendship and co-operation during the Second World War. It was thirteen years ago when the United States Air Force sought help from the late Lord Trenchard to find a site for a central memorial in London. His reply was, "It is not for you but for us to erect that memorial." No happier site could

have been chosen than in St. Paul's, where only this May the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present at the consecration of the new High Altar. Now the American Memorial Chapel has been completed. It has been provided by the people of Britain in honour of all American servicemen, based in Britain, who gave their lives in the war. Their names are in the Roll of Honour which rests on a marble pedestal. 3000 people were in the cathedral for the

ceremony on November 26. In addition to the Queen and Mr. Nixon, the company included the Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. Nixon, members of the Royal family, the Prime Minister and other members of the Government. The beginning of the procession was marked by a fanfare of trumpets which announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon. Another fanfare denoted the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were traditionally

received by the Lord Mayor. The procession then moved up the nave, headed by the Lord Mayor bearing the Pearl Sword of the City. As a third fanfare sounded, three American servicemen marched slowly towards the High Altar, bearing "Old Glory," the United States flag. After a psalm and the lesson, a smaller procession, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, moved into the inner chapel, where the Queen unveiled the memorial inscription.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF AN EGYPTIAN TOMB: UNEXPECTED DISCOVERIES DURING EXCAVATIONS IN THE SUDAN.

By JOZEF M. A. JANSSEN, Epigrapher of the *Michela Schiff Giorgini Expedition* at Soleb.

THE existence of a Pharaonic temple at Soleb, or Sulb (south of Wadi Halfa, in the Sudan, between the second and third cataracts), was brought to the knowledge of the Western World as early as the 'twentieth of the last century. As it is the largest Egyptian temple in the Sudan, it was visited by several archaeological expeditions, notably by the Prussian expedition led by C. R. Lepsius in the 1840's, and by J. H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, during 1905-1906. However, the site has never been excavated. At the end of 1957 work was started by an archaeological mission designed to record the temple and to excavate the monument and its environs. The mission was led by Mrs. M. Schiff Giorgini, while the excavations were directed by M. Clément Robichon, of the French Archaeological Institute, at Cairo. I was privileged to be epigrapher to the mission, which is sponsored by Pisa University. The first part of the season was devoted to the clearing of that part of the temple east of the great pylon (Fig. 3)—the point where E. A. Wallis Budge, in 1905, looked for further objects to add to the British Museum's collection. For the British Museum already possessed two famous lions which originally adorned this temple—which was built by Amenophis III at the beginning of the fourteenth century B.C. The lions were presented by Lord Prudhoe, but had been transported in antiquity from Soleb, by the Kushite king, Amanisio, to a sanctuary at Gebel Barkal. We found the remains of a hall adorned with four huge columns and preceded by a raised platform in the form of the offering table in hieroglyphs, the so-called *hept-sign*. This hall had been modified several times, as had its entrance and the doorway of the pylon. It can be stated that the hall was repaired, at least twice, with layers of plaster. On this plaster was found a small Meroitic inscription, and we can therefore assume safely that the hall was still standing more or less intact during the last centuries B.C. Several important elements of the upper part of this structure had fallen, but enough survived to show that the columns had had the form of palm trees; and a huge decorated architrave, a big lintel and fragments of reliefs will enable the architect to the original decoration of this hall. At the same time that this room was altered, the doorway in the great pylon was also altered. It would, however, be premature to date these alterations even approximately. The results of the excavation in this sector are very satisfactory, but the facts which can be stated about the necropolis are really astonishing. This necropolis lies about 1000 yards (1 Km.) west of the temple, in a depression of the main *wadi* in which the temple itself was built. The presence of many tomb pits was still visible on the surface and the area was full of broken pottery and scattered human bones, and covered with black stones. Although a lot of tombs were investigated, the facts revealed in the biggest one are the most important. It first appeared as a small mound scattered with the usual black stones (Fig. 7). When the desert sand was removed, the pit appeared. Three layers of sandstone bordered it; then came five huge slabs of slate which covered horizontally the opening of the shaft. After this some more sand was found, but the shaft, as a whole, was virtually filled with black stones, broken pottery and several human skulls. Only considerably later did we establish that a number of jars had been stood, one on top of another, in the north-east end and among these a fine pottery monkey (Fig. 8) had survived, wonderfully preserved despite the pressure of stones and sand. Finally the entrance to the tomb chamber was reached. It was blocked by several black stones and it was untouched. What would be inside? It was entirely empty of human remains or objects; but one incredible fact was established. The stone wall, which had once blocked the entrance to the tomb, had been pushed back several yards in the course of about 3000 years by the pressure of earth brought in again and again by the rain water (Fig. 9). This earth would enter the tomb during the heavy rains which from time to time stood in the desert. Inch by inch this wall had been pushed back and still stood in its original form except for the upper block. It is hardly surprising that the lowest layer of the wall had lost an inch or so in height during its gradual progress over the rocky surface. One thing is clear: the tomb had been emptied, but not robbed by treasure-seekers. This statement was confirmed by the investigation of the superstructure (Fig. 2). Excavation revealed that, originally, a brick-built vaulted chapel was erected just above the entrance to the shaft. This chapel gave access to a small room in the

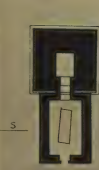


FIG. 2. THE THREE PHASES SERIES OF THE SOLEB TOMB. Phase I: A vaulted chapel of the deceased. Phase II: An open court is built, superstructure is sealed with (now empty) is sealed and but of black stones, and the

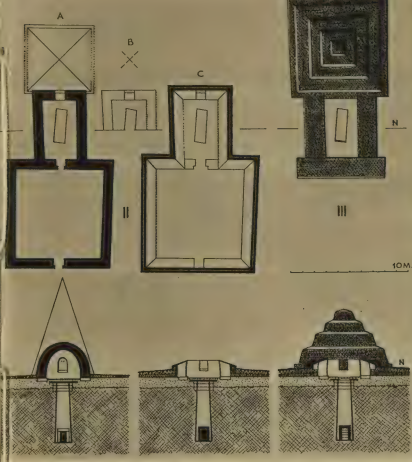


FIG. 3. THE PHARAONIC TEMPLE OF SOLEB AS IT IS TO-DAY. TO THE LEFT OF THE THREE PILLARS, RIGHT, CAN BE SEEN THE PYLON, NEAR WHICH WAS FOUND THE HALL OF THE FOUR PILLARS.

FIG. 1. PLAN OF THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF TOMBS 14 (LEFT) AND 15 (SEE FIGS. 4 AND 6); AND (ABOVE) A TRANSCRIPT OF A POTSHED BEARING A PRESUMABLY ANCIENT ROUGH PLAN OF THE TWO TOMBS.

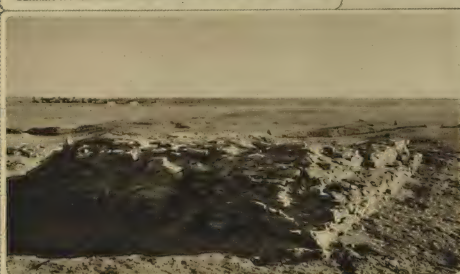


FIG. 4. ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE BLACK-STONE PYRAMID—PART OF THE FIRST TWO STEPS—WHICH WAS THE FINAL PHASE OF TOMB 15, AS DESCRIBED UNDER FIG. 2.

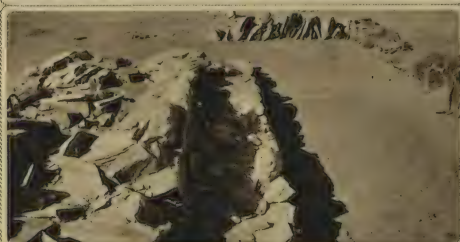


FIG. 6. PART OF ANOTHER STEP-PYRAMID OF UNKNOWN STONES (TOMB 14), WITH (RIGHT) PART OF ITS PRESENT WALL, ITS PLAN AND ITS RELATION TO TOMB 15 ARE SHOWN IN FIG. 1, AND IN THE TRANSCRIPT OF A POTSHED, ALSO IN FIG. 1.



(Left) FIG. 8. FOUND SURPRISINGLY WELL PRESERVED IN THE SHAFT OF TOMB 15: A VASE CERAMIC FIGURE OF A MONKEY HOLDING A SACK—A FINE EXAMPLE OF NEW KINGDOM ANIMAL ART. NOW IN KHARTOUM MUSEUM.

(Right) FIG. 9. THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF TOMB 15, WITH, IN THE CENTRE, THE WALLED-UP DOOR UNIT, WHICH, IN THE COURSE OF CENTURIES, HAD BEEN PUSHED SEVERAL FEET BACK BY FLOODS. ITS BASE BEING GROUND DOWN BY THE ROCKY FLOOR.



IF THE SOLEB TOMB 15, THE SECOND PHASE OF WHICH WAS TWOFOLD. THE UPPER OF PLANS CORRESPONDS TO THE LOWER SERIES OF SECTIONS. The pyramid is demolished, the shaft brought forward to a niche in the chapel, and Phase IIb: The doorway of the burial chamber is removed and the whole of the an outer wall. Phase III: The remains are brought to the surface, the chamber the shaft filled, a larger step pyramid is built on the original pyramid emplacement, remains of the chapel are surrounded with a massive wall of the same black stones, and the

interior of a brick pyramid (Fig. 5). This may have contained the *stela* of the deceased, who lived pretty certainly during the fourteenth century B.C. This was certainly the case with the owner of an analogous tomb in the innuim's vicinity, as was proved by the cartouche of Amenophis III on a fragment of the funerary *stela*. The discovery of a *sheafu* of the dead man was very tantalising because the ordinary formula carved on the statuette could still be read, but owing to the working out of salt in the upper part, the name of the owner had become illegible. This funerary statuette was found just outside the entrance door of the tomb chamber; and this we found repeatedly in this necropolis—also that the feet had been buried intentionally. They were found later, at a different level, in the shaft, as was the case in another tomb. The tomb that we are discussing underwent two successive modifications (Fig. 2). The first consisted of demolishing the brick pyramid and in rebuilding the chapel; and at the western end of the vaulted chapel a niche was made. Moreover, an open court was made in front of the chapel, but later the walls of the new structure were doubled and the entrance to the court was closed. The next modification seems very strange. On the former emplacement of the brick-built pyramid, a step pyramid was built of black stones (Fig. 4). Although badly damaged in the course of time, its two lower steps were partly intact. The west wall of this second pyramid measures about 30 ft. (8.20 m.), and this is the same as the diagonal of the original brick pyramid. At the same time a wall, also of black stones, was built round the remains of the chapel, closing its entrance. The open court, on the east, having no further function, was demolished. But before all this happened the builders of the new superstructure emptied the tomb chambers and filled the shaft with the same kind of black stones. All this implies that not only was any access henceforward impossible to the chapel, but also that it had taken over the function of the tomb; what had been under the earth had now been set on the surface. It seems superfluous to state that these changes were made intentionally. What their meaning is escapes us at present. But one would like to see an analogy in the case of the intact sarcophagus of King Sekhemkhet discovered in 1954 at Sakikara by Zakaria Goneim (*The Illustrated London News* of June 19 and July 10). This evidently untouched sarcophagus proved to be empty, just like the tomb chambers under the small step pyramid of Soleb.

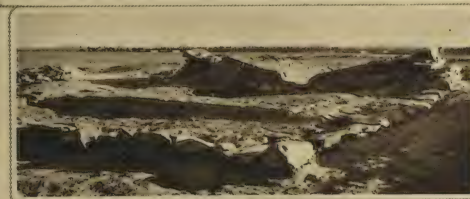


FIG. 5. TOMB 15, LOOKING EAST. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE BASE OF THE STEP PYRAMID; CENTRE, THE BASE OF THE BRICK PYRAMID; WITH, BEYOND, THE BACK OF THE CHAPEL.

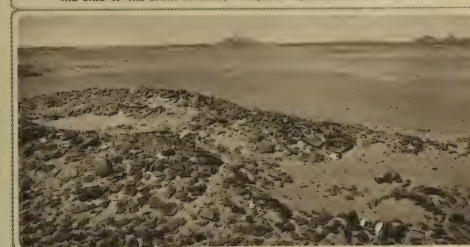


FIG. 7. A SCATTER OF BLACK STONES ON THE SAND—ALL THAT APPEARED OF TOMB 15 (FIG. 3) BEFORE EXCAVATION STARTED. IN THE CENTRE OF THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE MASS OF GEBEL SULB.



FIG. 10 AND FIG. 11. (LEFT) THE COVER OF AN UNINScribed SARCOPHAGUS OF GREYISH SANDSTONE A LITTLE OVER 4 FT. LONG, BROKEN IN TWO PIECES. WHEN FOUND, THE FOOT SECTION WAS STANDING UPRIGHT. (RIGHT) THE SCULPTURED HEAD OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, OF GOOD NEW KINGDOM WORKMANSHIP. THE FEATURES SUGGEST A WOMAN OF NON-EGYPTIAN ORIGIN.



THE FIRST ASCENT OF RAKAPOSHI: A BRITISH-PAKISTANI TRIUMPH.



THE PREVIOUSLY UNCLIMBED PEAK OF RAKAPOSHI (25,550 FT.)—CENTRE BACKGROUND—IN THE KARAKORAM RANGE, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST SPUR, UP WHICH LAY THE SUCCESSFUL ROUTE.

AS we briefly reported in our issue of July 19, the 25,550-ft. peak of Rakaposhi, in the Karakoram Mountains, was climbed for the first time on June 25 by a British-Pakistani Forces expedition under the leadership of Captain M. E. B. Banks, R.M., Captain Banks being one of the two who reached the summit, the other being Surgeon-Lieutenant T. W. Patey, R.N. This achievement was essentially one of co-operation, the expedition consisting of seven British serving officers (two Marines, two from the Royal Navy, two from the Army and one from the R.A.F.), two Pakistani officers, a Pakistani surveyor, a Signals detachment of three from the Pakistan Army and six Hunza High Altitude porters. Of the last, it can be said that no expedition ever got better service from its porters, the credit being due to Captain Shah Khan's leadership.

*Photographs copyright
British-Pakistani Forces
Himalayan Expedition 1958.*



THE TWO WHO REACHED THE SUMMIT: (LEFT) CAPTAIN M. E. B. BANKS, R.M., THE LEADER, AND SURGEON-LIEUTENANT T. W. PATEY, R.N.



SURGEON-LIEUTENANT PATEY CLIMBING ON A FIXED ROPE AT ABOUT 20,000 FT. FIXED ROPES WERE PLACED AT DANGER POINTS FOR THE LADEN PORTERS.



A GROUP OF CLIMBERS ON THE SOUTH-WEST SPUR. THIS EVENTUALLY SUCCESSFUL ROUTE WAS COMPLICATED BY A PEAK NICKNAMED "THE GENDARME."



THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION AND ONE OF THE TWO TO REACH THE SUMMIT: CAPTAIN M. E. B. BANKS, R.M., AT ABOUT 19,000 FT. ON RAKAPOSHI.



THE ASCENT OF AN UNCLIMBED KARAKORAM PEAK : ON A MAJESTIC ICE-FACE OF RAKAPOSHI.

The Commonwealth Forces Expedition, listed on the opposite page, established its base camp at about 14,000 ft. on May 20 and spent about a month establishing six camps to get within range of the summit. At this stage Captains Shah Khan and Raja Aslam, escorting six Hunza porters down from Camp One, were swept head over heels by an avalanche for some 1500 ft., but all escaped with only minor injuries. Thence on June 20 seven climbers and the porters ascended a 2000-ft. snow-face called the Monk's Head. From this point three giant steps of about 1500 ft. were required and parties of climbers carried

loads to establish a top camp at 24,000 ft. from which the summit party, Captain Banks and Surgeon-Lieutenant Patey, were to make their final assault. This they did on June 24, despite a violent blizzard, wearing, as well as their normal warm clothing, special down-filled garments and vapour barrier boots. In five hours they reached the summit. Three days later the whole team returned safely to base camp. No oxygen had been used. The joint patrons of the expedition were Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, then C.I.G.S., and General Mohammad Ayub Khan, now Prime Minister and President of Pakistan.

Photograph copyright British-Pakistani Forces Himalayan Expedition, 1958.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A DOZEN BOOKS BRIEFLY REVIEWED.



EACH year more and more books on art are published, from which one can presumably conclude—and rejoice—that more and more people discuss painting and sculpture and all the other delights of the eyes. The only danger seems to be that the reader is so richly pampered by all this illustration and erudite art-historical exposition that he will become too exhausted to go and see the originals. One thing is certain; however skilful printer and blockmaker and paper-maker, no one has yet found a substitute for the painter's brush, though certain drawings in water-colour or chalk or pen and pencil do lend themselves marvellously to mechanical reproduction.

Examples are to be seen, as it were, round every corner: I will cite only one which was in front of me a few days ago—a colour plate in the Fitzwilliam Museum recent publication of a Degas, good enough to deceive an archangel. From the Phaidon Press comes an admirable volume on Vermeer, with the illuminating commentary one always expects—and obtains—from Ludwig Goldscheider. The previous Phaidon edition was in 1940, and included the Mellon Collection "Lace-maker" at Washington among the authentic paintings. This is now discarded. The famous—or infamous—name of Van Meegeren is mentioned only in the notes, wherein we are referred to two monographs on Vermeer fakes, the English one by Coremans in 1949. Apparently one or two of to-day's pundits have questioned the authenticity of the marvellous "Girl in the Red Hat" which was bought by Knoedlers in 1925 and shown in Bond Street for a month or so—an unforgettable painting—before crossing the Atlantic. It went to the National Gallery, Washington, in 1937, with the other Mellon pictures. Goldscheider comments acidly that no reason is given for these doubts—"in fact, there are none; critics are still suffering from the Van Meegeren shock."

A new series, also from Phaidon, is devised on more popular lines and will surely be welcome at 18s. 6d. a volume; each with eighty plates of which sixteen are in colour, twenty or thirty pages of introduction and notes to the illustrations. The first three titles of the series are Dufy, Manet, Grünewald, which may seem an odd choice, for, fashionable though he is, one can scarcely class the former among the greatest of painters—but it is, none the less, probably a shrewd one, enabling the publishers to judge the public reaction to this venture into a lower-priced market. They are most attractive, not to say distinguished, little books to read and handle. Two large volumes from the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, published earlier this year, are designed to illustrate the catalogue of the Dutch pictures in the collection; therefore they must be regarded purely as picturebooks, the text giving only attribution, the painters' dates and the size. The photographs were nearly all specially taken, and a few fascinating pages at the end of Vol. II provide a reproduction of the signatures. Each painting—400 in monochrome, 24 in colour—whether by a great or a little man, is given a whole page to itself. If your bookshelves are large enough, and remembering that old friends are best, these are two volumes which give lasting pleasure.

A no less handsome volume, but with more colour, comes from the Tate Gallery, with introduction and notes by Sir John Rothenstein; not a catalogue but a selection, together with a lively account of the squabbles and frustrations which preceded the building of the

gallery at Millbank and the abuse levelled by some at the amiable Henry Tate who so generously provided the money and the nucleus of the British paintings. As everyone knows, the scope of the gallery has long since been enlarged beyond the original idea of a depository of British Art, and it is possible to argue that its present aims are too diffuse. On that point the Director has this comment: "A mixed gallery is a corrective to any idea of the Old Masters as men who have never lived like other men but who have always shone like some eternally remote and subsistent luminaries in a world of timeless Platonic essences; it enforces the truth... that artistic creation is not divisible into old and new but is a continuous process, always changing yet always the same, the outcome of man's struggle to create images to express his response—whether it be amusement or wonder, fear, curiosity or delight—to the world in which he finds himself." The paintings and sculptures chosen for reproduction form a very judicious cross-section of the Museum's collection which the most varied types of devotees can love, or hate or deride, as their nature allows.

Many detest the works of Henry Moore; none the less, he is one of the very few English sculptors (some will say the only one) ever to have achieved a serious European reputation. A very handsome volume, £10 the standard edition, 100 guineas a limited edition of twenty-seven copies bound in three-quarter morocco plus an original water-colour drawing—enshrines the birth of many of his ideas as expressed in his drawings, and in due course translated into not so much figures as



A GROUP OF FIGURES BY HENRY MOORE; ONE OF THE 64 PAGES IN "HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS," A HANDSOME VOLUME IN THE FORM OF PAGES FROM THE SCULPTOR'S WORKING NOTEBOOKS CHOSEN BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF. PUBLISHED BY GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD., AND REVIEWED HERE.

three-dimensional shapes and presences. Beneath a photograph of an Eighteenth Dynasty Egyptian head, here is Moore's comment: "I would give everything if I could get into my sculpture the same amount of humanity and seriousness, nobility

and experience, acceptance of life, distinction and aristocracy—with absolutely no tricks, no affectation, no self-consciousness, looking straight ahead, no movement, but more alive than a real person."



DETAIL FROM "PEASANT DANCE," BY PIETER BRUEGEL (c. 1525-1569). ONE OF THE 112 REPRODUCTIONS IN FULL COLOUR FROM THE VOLUME "FLEMISH PAINTING FROM BOSCH TO RUBENS," PUBLISHED BY SKIRA AND REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The latest Skira volume deals with Flemish Painting from Bosch to Rubens and has 112 illustrations in colours; text by Jacques Lassaigue and Robert Delevoy, each of them learned, shrewd and sensitive. We are reminded in their pages of a particularly unfortunate divorce. In 1517 Erasmus wrote to Thomas More that he and Peter Gillis (or Ægidius) of Antwerp were having themselves painted together and were sending More the picture as a present from them both. The double portrait was painted by Massys, and to-day Ægidius is in the Radnor Collection while the other panel, that of Erasmus, is in the National Gallery, Rome. I don't know how one writes an intelligent criticism of an encyclopædia. Try it out, I suppose, and if it does not supply the information you require, then it is not as good as it pretends to be. I have tested "The Picture Encyclopædia of Art," with its 580 illustrations, of which nearly 200 are in colour, and it has not yet failed me. It is a German compilation, very thorough. The most recent of the Connoisseur Period Guides ventures into the nearly uncharted country of the Victorian domestic arts and introduces us to a singularly cosy series of horrors which no doubt posterity will be invited to admire because by then the more comely things will be more and more difficult to find. Odd that so much worthwhile, if somewhat insipid, painting—Ettie, the young Millais, the Pre-Raphaelites, Landseer—flourished amid so much stuffiness. It is all extremely well done in a series of separate illustrated articles.

Finally, a brief word on two important contributions to the history of art; both are part of the lengthy Penguin series. The first, by Wittkower, deals with Art and Architecture in Italy from 1600 to 1750; the second, by Hitchcock, with nineteenth- and twentieth-century architecture. Each of them lavishly illustrated, solid, serious—and exciting; neither is intended for the more bird-witted dilettante.

"Jan Vermeer." By Ludwig Goldscheider. (Phaidon Press; £2 7s. 6d.)

"Manet," "Dufy," "Grünewald" (3 volumes). (Phaidon Press; 18s. 6d. each.)

"Dutch School, XVII-XIX Centuries" (2 volumes). (National Gallery; £5 5s. each.)

"The Tate Gallery." By John Rothenstein. (Thames and Hudson Ltd.; £6 6s.)

"Heads, Figures and Ideas." By Henry Moore. (George Rainbird Ltd.; £10.)

"Flemish Painting From Bosch to Rubens." (Skira; £8 8s.)

"The Picture Encyclopædia of Art." (Thames and Hudson Ltd.; £3 13s. 6d.)

"The Connoisseur Period Guides—Early Victorian 1830-1860." (The Connoisseur; £2 2s.)

"Art and Architecture in Italy 1600-1750." By Wittkower. (Penguin Books; £3 10s.)

"Architecture, Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries." By Hitchcock. (Penguin Books; £3 10s.)

A SUNKEN YACHT AND ITS MISSING OWNERS: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN A PLASTIC BAG.



THE MAST OF THE *ANNETTE*, PROTRUDING ABOVE THE SEA, WHICH WAS SIGHTED FROM A *SUNDERLAND* FLYING-BOAT SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING YACHT.



THE *ANNETTE* LYING ON HER STARBOARD SIDE IN 30 FT. OF WATER ON THE CORAL BOTTOM OF DIBBLE'S REEF.



TWO SKIN-DIVERS OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE OVER THE YACHT'S COCKPIT, WHICH A THIRD SKIN-DIVER WAS SEARCHING BY TORCHLIGHT.



ONE OF THE SKIN-DIVERS TRYING TO FORCE BACK THE HATCH COVER OF THE CABIN. THE SPINNAKER BOOM, LEFT, WAS USED TO LEVER OPEN THE LOCKED CABIN DOORS.



ONE OF THE SKIN-DIVERS INVESTIGATING THE FORWARD HATCH OF THE YACHT WITH THE AID OF A TORCH.

The American 32-ft. ketch *Annette*, with its owners—Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tanner, of Honolulu,—on board, left Apia, Western Samoa, on September 24 for Fiji. The craft became overdue at its destination and a search was started. On October 28 a *Sunderland* flying-boat taking part in the search sighted a mast, which turned out to be that of the *Annette*, protruding from the sea on Dibble's Reef—about ten miles north of Vanua Balavu in the Lau Group of Fiji. Two days later a Royal New Zealand Air Force *Sunderland* alighted near the protruding mast and three skin-divers from a R.N.Z.A.F. skin-diving club then

investigated the sunken yacht. The remarkable photographs on this page were taken during the investigation, a simple plastic bag being used to house the camera of the photographer, Mr. Rob Wright. The *Annette* was found with a hole in one side at the waterline. The cabin doors were locked and it was thought that Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, who were still missing, may have left the *Annette* in its dinghy—also still missing—to go to one of the nearby islands for help after the yacht had gone aground on Dibble's Reef. After their departure the yacht probably sank when bad weather set in.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



POLECAT AND COUSIN PANDA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN the wide popularity of the giant panda, the claims of the true panda, sometimes called the lesser panda, to distinguish it from its more glamorous rival, are apt to receive less attention than they deserve. At least the true panda has history on its side, for it was known to Europeans long before the giant panda, which was not introduced to us until 1869, by the peripatetic Père David, the French missionary who brought several previously unknown animals to the notice of western zoologists. The history of the giant panda is almost in the tradition of Hollywood. From obscurity, a rare animal in a remote habitat, it has become by the accident of its colour-pattern and appealing ways one of the best known of all animals. The true panda, by contrast, has been relegated to walking-on parts, yet, in its way, it is no less attractive an animal.

The true panda is found in Nepal, Sikkim, Yunnan, Szechwan and Upper Burma. It is, therefore, a near neighbour of its "giant" relative which lives in the bamboo forests and on the open hillsides of eastern Tibet and south-western China, feeding on bamboo shoots, a diet it varies occasionally with small mammals and fish. The true panda is more cat-like and lives in trees in mountain forests 7000 to 12,000 ft. up. Its fur is a rich chestnut, its face white with black markings, its underside and limbs are black, and its tail is long and brush-like, and marked with dark and light rings. It also is mainly vegetarian, feeding on leaves and fruits, and occasionally taking eggs.

The two pandas are placed in the same family, the

pattern on the face. In the true panda the white face is marked by black bands running from the eyes, round the mouth and under the chin. It is not difficult to see that by increasing the white on the face and reducing the size of the black bands, the well-known white face with the pair of pathetic-looking black eyes of the giant panda would be reached.

The family *Procyonidae* which the two pandas at present share with the raccoons, stands next, in the scheme of classification, to the family *Mustelidae*. This family includes the weasels, stoats, martens, wolverines, badgers, otters—and polecats, a mixed crew having a number of features in

true of the vegetarian and inoffensive panda? It could be argued that the ancestors of the panda were more completely carnivorous than the present-day panda, and that the facial pattern is an evolutionary hang-over from that time. If so, then it is surely remarkable that although the cheek-teeth should have changed so completely, from sharp-edged flesh-cutters to broad-crowned grinders, the other features have remained so constant.

There is, however, another characteristic which the badgers, the polecat and the panda have in common. All are nocturnal, or nearly so. It seems, therefore, more logical to suppose that the white-and-black markings on the face are recognition marks, for use when members of the same species meet.

There is another wild suggestion that could be made, though not one, it might be said, to be argued seriously. It is, nevertheless, worth mentioning. Fossil panda skeletons have been found in Europe. There is also an Asiatic polecat. At one time, therefore, pandas and polecats had the same geographical distribution. It could be that polecats, which climb hardly at all, are blood-brothers of the tree-climbing pandas, separated now in space but formerly ranging the same area. The suggestion is a wild one because it conflicts with current thought, which has settled down to accept the idea that polecats are most closely related to stoats and martens, because they are long-bodied, and the panda cannot be because the giant panda, its nearest relative, is bear-like. There will, naturally, be other considerations, but



THE CARNIVOROUS EUROPEAN POLECAT HAS FACIAL MARKINGS RECALLING THOSE OF ITS RELATIVES THE BADGERS, BUT MORE NEARLY RESEMBLING THOSE OF THE MAINLY VEGETARIAN PANDA.



THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE PANDA ARE UNCERTAIN, AND ALTHOUGH USUALLY CLASSIFIED WITH THE RACCOONS, THE SIMILARITY OF ITS FACIAL MARKINGS TO THOSE OF THE POLECAT IS STRIKING.



THE EUROPEAN BADGER HAS CONSPICUOUS BLACK-AND-WHITE BANDS ON THE HEAD. THESE HAVE BEEN REFERRED TO AS WARNING COLOURS TO WOULD-BE ATTACKERS, BUT MAY REPRESENT A "FAMILY LIKENESS."

common. Their strongest common bond is, perhaps, that they are carnivorous. And while each of these, the wolverine not excepted, can be charming and attractive when tamed, they are, as a family, devoted to killing in a way that has so often earned them the title of "blood-thirsty." The badger alone is not so universally condemned on this score, but even badgers can be killers, and it has been suggested that the black-and-white markings on the badger's head are a form of warning coloration. This, if it means anything at all, means that the markings are a warning signal to any who may contemplate attacking a badger not to do so.

Such an idea was put forward by a British writer, and has been repeated by others of the same nationality, who clearly had the European badger in mind, with its strongly-marked bands of black and white. The American badger, on the other hand, also has black-and-white markings on the face, but the pattern of these is more reminiscent of the facial markings of the lesser panda. Yet the American badger is more strongly carnivorous than its European cousin, since it feeds on squirrels, prairie dogs and other rodents. If, then, there is any truth in the suggestion that the facial pattern of the European badger is in the nature of a warning coloration, it should be more nearly true of the American badger.

The similarity between the faces of the American badger and the panda is, however, outdone by the European polecat, certainly a killer and a fighter, ready to use teeth and claws. As a pet it is amiable and docile, but in the wild one could be forgiven for supposing that it should carry a "warning coloration." But if we are to interpret patterns in this way, are we to suppose that the same is



IN THE AMERICAN BADGER, THE FACIAL PATTERN IS LESS STRAIGHT-FORWARD THAN IN THE EUROPEAN BADGER AND IS LESS OBVIOUSLY TO BE CALLED A "WARNING COLORATION."

Procyonidae, but there is some doubt among specialist zoologists whether this is justified, although all agree that they are both related to the raccoons, coatis and other members of this family. In general appearance there are distinct differences between the two pandas. The one is bear-like in build, the other cat-like. The giant panda lives on the most tangled and precipitous of the forested hillsides, making tunnels through the dense bamboo thickets. The smaller cousin lives in holes in trees and is an expert climber. The first has a mere stump of a tail, the second has a long bushy tail. The giant panda has a small pad on the fore-foot that acts as a thumb. The "lesser" panda has long claws used, not aggressively, but for climbing.

The similarities between them are, however, strong. One of the most important, anatomically, is that they both have the teeth of a carnivore except that the cheek-teeth have broad, crushing crowns. Outwardly, too, there are signs of a blood-relationship, especially in the shape of the head, the shape and set of the ears, and in the

for all that there still remains the similarity in the face.

When some peculiarity of structure or colour-pattern in one animal resembles closely the corresponding structure or colour-pattern in another animal, we can take that similarity to be due to one of two things. It may indicate a blood-relationship or it may indicate a convergent evolution. Two animals living in a similar habitat and having similar habits will tend to look alike, as a whale and a fish, a snake and a slow-worm. Polecats and pandas do not have the same way of life nor the same habitat. In fact, in most things they are diametrically opposed. Their facial resemblances are, therefore, either purely coincidental—a natural accident—or the two animals are more closely related than it is usual to suppose.

Whichever way it is, I do not believe these facial markings of badgers and polecats are a warning coloration. And although I have sought to disarm criticism by initially referring to my suggestion as "wild," I still feel these facial resemblances worth more than a passing thought.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FORMER HUSBAND OF DUCHESS OF WINDSOR DIES.

Mr. Ernest Aldrich Simpson, former husband of the Duchess of Windsor, died in a London hospital on November 30. Born in New York in 1897, he married Mrs. Wallis Warfield, who later became the Duchess, in 1928. He has always shunned publicity concerning the events which led to the abdication of King Edward VIII.



NEW ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY: THE RIGHT REV. H. R. GOUGH. The Sydney Synod has elected The Rt. Rev. H. R. Gough to be the seventh Anglican Archbishop of Sydney. Dr. Gough, who is aged fifty-three, has been Bishop of Barking since 1948. During the last war he was wounded serving as a chaplain in the Western Desert. Last year he visited the Australian Prime Minister.



DEATH OF A SOVIET DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER: MR. ZARUBIN.

Mr. Georgi Zarubin, a Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, has died in Moscow after a severe illness. He was fifty-eight. He was Soviet Ambassador in London from 1947 until 1952, and in Washington from 1952 until earlier this year when he was recalled to Moscow. He was twice given high decorations by the Soviet State. He served in the Red Army between 1918 and 1924.



THE REV. A. STOCKWOOD: NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

The Rev. Arthur Stockwood, aged forty-five, is to become Bishop of Southwark. For the past three years he has been Vicar of St. Mary the Great, Cambridge, where his ministry was successful but controversial. He was once a Labour member of Bristol City Council, and is an unconventional churchman. In 1953 he preached in Moscow.



FIRST DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR STRATEGIC STUDIES. Mr. Alastair Buchan will be the first Director of the Institute for Strategic Studies Ltd. He was formerly defence and diplomatic correspondent of the *Observer*. The institute is for studying the effects of political and scientific developments upon strategy, defence and disarmament. The Ford Foundation have made a grant of £53,000.



(Left.) CAMBRIDGE RUGGER CAPTAIN:

MR. WINDSOR LEWIS. Mr. Geoffrey Windsor Lewis will captain Cambridge in the University Rugger match to be played at Twickenham on December 9. He was educated at The Leys School, Cambridge, and is now at Trinity Hall. Last year Oxford won the match by a narrow margin. On November 29 Cambridge were defeated, but only ten of the team played.



MR. NIXON, SEEN WITH MRS. NIXON, WAVES TO UNDERGRADUATES AFTER ADDRESSING THEM AT RHODES HOUSE DURING HIS VISIT TO OXFORD. Four hundred British and American undergraduates gave Mr. Nixon, Vice-President of the United States, a great welcome when he addressed them at Rhodes House, Oxford, on November 28. He answered a number of questions put to him, and said that the battle for the world would be won or lost in the newly-developing countries. He visited three colleges during his stay.

(Right.) THE CAMBRIDGE SOCCER CAPTAIN:

MR. PETER HUTSON. Mr. Hutson is due to captain an unusually strong team at the University Soccer Match, to be played at Wembley to-day, December 6. Cambridge beat a strong London F.A. side last week, but Mr. Hutson could not play, owing to a bruised ankle. Mr. Hutson was formerly educated at Manchester Grammar School. He is now at Christ's College.



(Left.) THE OXFORD SOCCER CAPTAIN:

MR. JOHN HARDING. Mr. John Harding is due to captain the Oxford team at the University Soccer Match on December 6. He was educated at St. Francis Xavier School and is at present at Hertford College. Mr. Harding, who is one of the two really outstanding players in the side, has been in the running for amateur international honours.

(Right.) OXFORD RUGGER CAPTAIN:

MR. L. T. LOMBARD. The captain of the Oxford University Rugger team which meets Cambridge on December 9 will be Mr. L. Theo. Lombard. He was at school in South Africa and is now at St. Edmund Hall. He will be one of six or seven Old Blues in the side. On November 29 Oxford won, but will need to play better to defeat Cambridge.



NEW PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND: M. PAUL CHAUDET.

The new Swiss President is M. Paul Chaudet, who is fifty-four. M. Chaudet has been a member of the Federal Parliament as a Liberal since 1943, and since 1955 has been in the Federal Council as head of the military and defence department. As a young man he studied agriculture before going into politics.



NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO: SEÑOR ADOLFO LÓPEZ MATEOS.

Señor Mateos assumed office as Mexico's President on December 1 for a six-year period. He is a leading member of the Institutional Revolutionary Party which has been in power for more than forty years. Born in 1910, the President is a lawyer. He became a senator in 1946 and in 1952 was appointed Secretary of Labour.



MR. CHARLES SNELLING, APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS. HE SUCCEEDS THE LATE H. DAVENPORT PRICE.

The new Chairman of *Illustrated Newspapers* Ltd. is Mr. Charles Snelling. He had previously been Vice-Chairman of the company. He has been Chairman since 1954, and Managing Director since 1931, of the Inveresk Paper Co. Ltd. Awarded the C.B.E. in 1957.



ANIMAL PAINTINGS: THE LATE MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, widely known for her vigorous paintings of animals, died in Watford on November 27. She was born in 1869 and studied art at the Herkomer School, Bushey, which she later carried on successfully as the Kemp-Welch School of Painting. She first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894.



COLONEL WINTLE WINS APPEAL IN HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the face of four adverse decisions, Colonel Alfred Wintle, M.C., has won his appeal in the House of Lords without being represented by Counsel. By allowing the appeal the Appellate Committee have upset bequests totalling £44,000 made to Mr. Frederick Nye, a solicitor, in the will of Colonel Wintle's half-cousin, who died in 1947.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



HOW pleasant it is to be able to go out into the garden in November and gather flowers for the house, though I confess that, pleasant though it is to the actual going into the garden to-day is not always and grey, raw, and wet to the point of saturation. The Kaffir lily (*Schizostylis coccinea*) is a plant which lends itself to this pleasure. I say nothing about the hardy outdoor chrysanthemums. They are in a class apart, and among them the little claret-coloured "Anastasia" is still as good as any, and better than most—an antique variety and a gallant little old warrior, still plentiful in cottage gardens and still grown and enjoyed in more lordly places whose owners appreciate flowers which are not necessarily the very latest novelty-production. I call "Anastasia" claret-coloured, with apologies to that noblest of wines. If a restaurant put claret of that particular tone before me, there would be a first-class riot. However, the analogy, for want of a better, must serve its purpose.

The hardy outdoor chrysanthemums are a very present help at a troublesome time of year, but I know few outdoor flowers that are capable of looking so sodden and positively sordid as chrysanthemums which have been caught by November weather at its most bestial. And the worst of it is that folk so seldom think of cutting the poor devils down and conveying them to where they can decently qualify for beneficent compost.

There is a hardy plant, however, which is all too seldom planted and grown, which is only too ready to oblige with spikes of cherry red flowers in November in the open garden—flowers which have a slight air of the exotic about them, which are ideal for cutting for the house and which last extremely well in water. This plant is the Kaffir lily. Its root system is rather akin to that of the montbretias, partly corms and partly runners like twitch, which form fresh corms as they go. The Kaffir lily is the easiest thing in the world to grow. Any reasonable loam will suit it, and it is best grown in a bed to itself, and as it is essentially a flower for cutting, it is convenient to make the bed not more than 2 or 3 ft. wide—and as long as you like. A wide bed is tiresome when it comes to gathering the flowers. One can not reach those towards the centre of the bed without stepping on the plants in the foreground.

I have heard the Kaffir lily described in gardening articles as "fairly hardy in favoured situations," or in "the milder parts of the country," or other half-reassurances of that kind. In my experience the plant is absolutely hardy in most if not all parts of the country. I first made its

acquaintance fifty years ago. There was a large bed of it in the famous James Backhouse nursery in York, and the bed was on the north side of a hedge backed by trees. I knew that bed for many years, and it never failed to flower freely, and the flowers were never damaged by the worst that the Yorkshire November climate

could produce. In view of the plant's good nature and willingness to increase and multiply by means of its corm-producing runners, it is as well to lift the bed every two or three years, divide the roots, the bed a little encouraging nourishment—a dash of bone-meal or some short, mellow compost or "farmyard." Or a better plan is to treat half the bed in this way one year and the other half the following year. The best time of year for this operation is early summer, as that gives the plants time to settle in and get a good hold of the soil before flowering-time.

In addition to the type Kaffir lily, there is a most attractive and distinct variety called "Mrs. Hegarty," with clear, pure, rose-pink flowers, whilst another called "Lady Byng" has larger pink flowers which seem to flower later than the others—so late, in fact, that it is perhaps more satisfactory when grown in pots under glass. I have seen pot cultivation recommended for both the red type Kaffir lily and for the two pink forms, and certainly this method would seem to have certain advantages, especially for the late-flowering "Lady Byng." I have heard of a white-flowered variety of the Kaffir lily, but have never actually met it nor seen it offered in any catalogue. I can imagine a vase of Kaffir lilies containing all three sorts, red, pink and white, being extremely attractive.

During the first days of November this year a good friend sent me a box of another Cape flower—the lovely chinchinchee (*Ornithogalum thyrsoides*). Stout stems 18 ins. or rather more tall, carrying a handsome spike of white blossoms which last for many weeks in water, the buds opening in succession up the spike. So long do they last that in the end they may almost be in need of dusting. They come with no foliage of their own, and it is a little difficult to find an appropriate type of foliage with which to arrange them. On this occasion I put a few heads of *Schizostylis* "Lady Byng" with my chinchinchees, and this had the happy effect of toning down the almost glacial whiteness of the *Ornithogalums*.

In former years I have received from the Cape some of the golden chinchinchee, which, I think, is perhaps even more attractive than the white. My white ones this year were definitely finer than any that I have received in former years. The flowers larger and fuller, with fine rounded petals. In fact, I think this improvement is due to careful breeding and selection for quality, and this theory was borne out by one spike of flower among all the others composed of quite inferior, narrow-petalled blossoms. So long and well do these chinchinchees last in water that I shall not be surprised if some of them are still fresh and attractive for Christmas.



THE GOLDEN CHINCHERINCHIEE: *ORNITHOGALUM THYRSOIDES*, VAR. *AUREUM*, WHICH RECEIVED AN AWARD OF MERIT IN 1955 AND WHICH IS, IN MR. ELLIOTT'S OPINION, "PERHAPS EVEN MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN THE WHITE." (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

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IN WEST CYPRUS: SCENES IN A RECENT EFFECTIVE ANTI-EOKA SWEEP.



DURING THE ANTI-TERRORIST DRIVE: CLOUDS OF SMOKE RISE INTO THE AIR AS AN EOKA HIDE-OUT IS BLOWN UP BY BRITISH SECURITY FORCES.

ON November 27, following recent successes against EOKA, a 9-day anti-terrorist drive in west Cyprus came to an end. The campaign, in the Paphos area and carried out by over 1000 troops, resulted in the capture of twenty active EOKA members—including several village commanders—and of large quantities of weapons and ammunition. [Continued opposite.

(Right.)
LIEUT.-COL. C. M. D'ARCY
IRVING, DURHAM LIGHT
INFANTRY, WHO COM-
MANDED THE OPERATIONS
IN THE PAPHOS AREA.



THE WELL-CONCEALED ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE EOKA HIDE-OUTS DISCOVERED DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.

Continued] An EOKA hiding-place was also destroyed. Following the intensive anti-terrorist operation, the 9-day curfew imposed in the area was lifted, and at the time of writing another large-scale operation was continuing in north Cyprus. These campaigns were accompanied by the announcement of the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, on November 25 that, although a number of relaxations in security measures were to be made following the EOKA truce statement, the security forces would not be deflected from positive action against terrorism. EOKA'S announcement of a temporary suspension of terrorist operations was made on the eve of the debate on Cyprus at the United Nations (the first week of which ended inconclusively), and was followed by a twenty-four-hour Greek Cypriot general strike in Nicosia and a similar strike in Famagusta.



SOME OF THE PISTOLS WHICH WERE DISCOVERED. MANY OTHER WEAPONS AND A QUANTITY OF AMMUNITION WERE ALSO FOUND.



BRITISH OFFICERS INSPECTING THE ENTRANCE TO AN EOKA HIDE-OUT WHICH WAS CONCEALED IN HEAVY UNDERGROWTH.



AT A RECENT TEST FIRING: A CLOSE-UP OF THE UNITED STATES' *ATLAS* INTER-CONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE.

With a blinding flash and a deafening roar which could be heard for miles the first successful flight of an *Atlas* inter-continental ballistic missile over its full range of 6325 miles began at Cape Canaveral, Florida, on the night of November 28. The 85-ft.-long missile, weighing 100 tons, took about thirty minutes to reach a point near Ascension Island in the South Atlantic, and according to unofficial reports fell within 30 miles of its intended impact point. After the flight, the makers of the *Atlas*, the Convair Company, announced

that there were now "no fundamental question marks left in the *Atlas* programme" and that the implementation of the *Atlas* as a potent force of the Strategic Air Command would now be undertaken. The flight also showed the "*Atlas*" potential for employment in the peaceful development of scientific vehicles for the exploration of space." It was the fifteenth *Atlas* to be fired at Cape Canaveral. The first one launched for a full inter-continental flight blew up shortly after leaving the ground on September 18.



6000 MILES IN HALF-AN-HOUR: A TIME-EXPOSURE OF THE START OF THE *ATLAS*' FIRST SUCCESSFUL FULL-RANGE FLIGHT.

The *Atlas*' successful flight over its full, inter-continental range meant that the United States was now capable of launching a missile with a thermonuclear warhead from North America into the heart of the Soviet Union. It was over a year ago that the Soviet Union announced that it had successfully sent an inter-continental ballistic missile over a full course and into a prescribed target area. The Soviet announcement, however, did not say how far the missile travelled. A comparison between United States and Soviet Union missile

capabilities, however, is offered by the fact that the *Atlas*, when fully developed, would be capable of launching a satellite of the weight of the third *Sputnik*. According to one report, United States officials announced that "all the test objectives were achieved essentially 100 per cent." in the full-range firing of the *Atlas*. At the time of writing it had not been announced whether or not the nose-cone of the *Atlas* had passed through the atmosphere intact when descending from its peak altitude.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CENTRAL FIGURE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ROBERT MORLEY cannot help being at the centre of the stage in any play with a part for him. For one thing, he is built that way. We do not overlook Mr. Morley any more than we overlook the Eiffel Tower. There he is, and we may murmur to ourselves, or we may not, "Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." (I am always a little afraid of suggesting what my neighbours think: here I keep remembering James Agate on Lily Elsie in "The Blue Train": "We reflect that Venus, unyoking at Paphos her silver doves, must have trod some such measure." Splendid; but how many thought just that?)

Still, Mr. Morley: there he is, bestriding the stage. This Colossus looks a little like Humpty-Dumpty (comparisons become puzzling), or perhaps like a rather doubtful but fairly benevolent whale, realising suddenly the presence of Jonah, or like a portentous uncle—for this always appears to me to be Mr. Morley's relationship—who may switch in a twink from benevolence to something uncommonly sinister. Yet, however sinister it is, all must be well in the end, because in the actor's eye there is an irresistible gleam: he cannot possibly remain baleful for long.

For anyone who does not know the actor, the picture now must be puzzling in the extreme: a large, gleaming, dominant, semi-benevolent, semi-baleful, inquiring Humpty-Dumpty who reminds us of a whale. And then the voice: Mr. Morley, who speaks very clearly, also speaks faster, I imagine, than anyone in the theatre. The words flood from him, nearly in the manner of my favourite rogue, Henry Constantine Jennings, bane of the Parliamentary printers in the 1820s, who when asked whether he had written a letter, replied: "I caused it to be printed. It flowed from me. I indited it. I wrote the original." At times we (well, some of us) recall another line, "As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing." So here we have a massive, voluble, immensely idiosyncratic personage holding the stage in thrall. What can the play be like?

Personally, whenever I observe Mr. Morley's name in a cast, I begin to cheer: a cheer usually stifled by the thought that his personality can knock the bottom out of most plays. Sometimes he has been magnificently cast. I think of the prodigious Prince Regent in "The First Gentleman," and of the spring-heeled voice and the silky swirl of Arnold Holt in "Edward, My Son." But in recent years, an unfortunate Drury Lane musical play aside, he has often had the brand of slight "personality" piece in which we have longed through the night for the actor to use his authority and wit as we know he can use them. He is a fantastic figure of the theatre. What he has to say can seldom match the way in which he says it. He needs a dramatist to stand up to him, and at the moment I am not entirely sure that, as a dramatist, he can stand up to himself.

He wants something like the tumultuous Sheridan Whiteside in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—and how tired he must be at this harking-back to prehistory!

It will be objected that "Hook, Line and Sinkers," in which Mr. Morley is acting now at the Piccadilly, is from the French of André Roussin. I did not see the original; but I feel that the comedy may well be more fluent in French than in Mr. Morley's English version which is straining all the while. And yet I hesitate. The first performance at the Piccadilly Theatre seemed to be luckless from the start. There are nights when we know, from curtain-rise, that something is amiss, and at its première "Hook, Line and Sinkers" was struggling. At the same time, I feel it may be a better comedy than we had a chance to recognise: one that, in a smaller theatre and in a less uncertain atmosphere, would probably come through well. The audience was not in the least unfriendly (in spite of someone at

Morley can act this scene of comic explanation delightedly while his wife (Joan Plowright) is in a wholly incredulous dither. Miss Plowright, whose capacity as a comedienne we know, can look surprised as well as anyone, and that is the wife's chief function. Bernard Cribbins snatches briskly at his chances as the brother who is hardly his sister's good angel. In sum, though I cannot say that "Hook, Line and Sinkers" came through when I saw it, I am fully prepared to believe that it can, given the right time and place. But I wish that, for a change, Mr. Morley would cast himself for somebody who is really larger than life. What a Micawber he would be! Remember:

You are aware that I have, in the course of my career, surmounted difficulties and conquered obstacles. You are no stranger to the fact that there have been periods of my life when it has been requisite that I should pause until certain expected events should turn up; when it has been necessary that I should fall back, before making what I trust I shall not be accused of presumption in terming—a spring. The present is one of those momentous stages in the life of man. You find me, fallen back, for a spring; and I have every reason to believe that a vigorous leap will shortly be the result.

I hope that Mr. Morley is falling back for a spring. We shall all look forward to his vigorous leap.

There is no need whatever to suggest that Elizabeth I, Queen of England, can sometimes take the centre of the stage. She does so almost invariably in a play about her period—though Mary Queen of Scots shares the honour with her in Schiller's drama. Now, most appositely at the time of the 400th anniversary of her accession to the throne, we have met her in "The Master of the Horse," a play by Martin Holmes. I saw it produced by a properly adventurous amateur cast under Winifred Vigay's direction, at the Duthy Hall, in Southwark.

I should say—and I am always telling myself this—that I heard the play at Duthy Hall.

Mr. Holmes's dialogue is not just thinly scraped across the action. It is the work of a scholar and a dramatist, one versed deeply in the Elizabethan world. And as I listened to it, and particularly to the speech in which the Queen saluted her country, I remembered how once, long ago, I had met a waxwork-piece full of such lines as "You cousin Francis Bacon, and you Walter Raleigh, will come back and take some canary," and "Look, Will Shakespeare and his wife!"

Mr. Holmes would never descend for a split second to such effigy-work. He knows and loves his period, and his play of Queen Elizabeth at her accession, and her Master of the Horse (Lord Robert Dudley) can bring the period to us. Elizabeth, of course, commands the stage whenever she appears. Rowena Bragg spoke her with appreciation.



"A GENIAL INVENTION ABOUT A FRENCH PROVINCIAL WIFE WHO MARRIED HER HUSBAND BECAUSE (SO SHE AND HER UNSCRUPULOUS BROTHER BELIEVE) HE HAS WON A LOTTERY PRIZE": "HOOK, LINE AND SINKERS"—SEBASTIAN LE BOEUF (ROBERT MORLEY) THREATENS KIKI (BERNARD CRIBBINS) IN ORDER TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE PLOT AGAINST HIS LIFE.

the back of the circle who plainly could not hear): it was simply that there was an indefinable air of uneasiness, and that the cast, Mr. Morley included, in seeking to overcome it, forced the pace. This is by no means a comedy to force.

Briefly, it is a genial invention about a French provincial wife who married her husband because (so she and her unscrupulous brother believe) he has won a lottery prize. Good: then dispose of him. But it is much easier to say this than to do it. The husband, voluble and boringly jovial, is a fanatical angler given to fishing at a dangerous point in the river. The best passage in the night is when (with his wife cheerfully contemplating widowhood) he returns, wobbling like a soaked and angry jelly, to explain the preposterous things that have just happened to him on the bank and off it. As a blend of jelly, turkey-cock, and whale—I am sorry, but in an article compact of contradictions here is another—



SEBASTIAN—UNAWARE OF THE SINISTER INTENTIONS OF HIS WIFE, ARLETTE (JOAN PLOWRIGHT), TOWARDS HIM—SETS OFF ON ONE OF HIS FISHING EXPEDITIONS: ANOTHER SCENE FROM "HOOK, LINE AND SINKERS," ROBERT MORLEY'S ADAPTATION OF A COMEDY BY ANDRÉ ROUSSIN, WHICH OPENED AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 19.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GRASS IS GREENER" (St. Martin's).—Hugh Williams, Celia Johnson, and Joan Greenwood in a light comedy by Hugh and Margaret Williams, set in a country house in Hampshire. (December 2.)

"MOON ON A RAINBOW SHORE" (Royal Court).—A prize-winning play by Errol John. (December 4.)

WORLD RECORD
PRICES FOR FRENCH
FURNITURE IN
THE LLANGATTOCK
COLLECTION:
A LOUIS XV
MARQUETRY TABLE
SOLD FOR £35,700.

(Right.)
THE MAGNIFICENT MARQUETRY TOP OF THE
LOUIS XV WRITING-TABLE WHICH WAS SOLD
FOR £35,700 ON NOVEMBER 27. IT HAS BEEN
SAID THAT THE BUYER IS AN AMERICAN
PRIVATE COLLECTOR.



THE SAME MARQUETRY TABLE SEEN OPENED REVEALING THE MECHANICAL SLIDING PANEL AND THE READING STAND. THE SUPERB CRAFTSMANSHIP IS BY THE FRENCHMAN, J. F. OEBEN.



THE TABLE CLOSED, WITH THE SLIDE AND READING STAND CONCEALED UNDER THE FLORAL TOP. IT IS 31½ INS. WIDE, AND 27 INS. HIGH.



A SMALL MARQUETRY SECRETAIRE BY ROGER VANDERCRUSE, SOLD FOR £12,075. IT WAS ALSO PART OF THE LLANGATTOCK COLLECTION.

RECORD prices were paid for the French furniture sold at Christie's on November 27 by the trustees of the second Baron Llangattock, who was killed in action in 1916. Easily the highest price of the sale was the £35,700 paid for a Louis XV marquetry table with craftsmanship by J. F. Oeben, and stamped with his name. This was by far the highest price ever paid for a piece of furniture. The previous highest was £17,346 for a similar table in 1956. Two other excellent pieces of marquetry furniture also fetched high prices; a secretaire with tambour panels inlaid with chinoiserie figures was sold to the Paris dealer, M. S. Chalon, for £12,075. The same dealer bought a Louis XV marquetry small writing-table for £4410. Many of the other prices, although high, were by comparison almost trivial. The total for the 126 items in the sale was £84,546. This was also the highest ever paid in a furniture sale.



SOLD TO CHALON OF PARIS, WHO ALSO BOUGHT THE SECRETAIRE, A LOUIS XV MARQUETRY WRITING-TABLE BY PIONIEZ WHICH FETCHED £4410.

FROM TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONISTS TO A NEW LONDON "PUB": A MISCELLANY.



BEDFORDSHIRE: TESTING *SMALL WORLD*, A BALLOON IN WHICH A TEAM OF BALLOONISTS HOPE SOON TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC, FROM TENERIFFE.



A DISASTER IN WHICH EIGHTY-EIGHT PERSONS WERE KILLED—MOST OF THEM CHILDREN: THE FIRE AT OUR LADY OF ANGELS SCHOOL, IN CHICAGO.

On the afternoon of December 1 fire broke out at Our Lady of Angels School, in Chicago, rapidly spreading throughout the building and resulting in the death of eighty-eight persons, most of whom were schoolchildren. Many others were injured in escaping. It was the third worst school fire in America in the past 100 years.



A VIEW IN AN IMPORTANT NEW UNIVERSAL ROLLING MILL IN SOUTH WALES, WHICH WAS RECENTLY INSTALLED IN RECORD TIME.

A new universal rolling mill at the Abbey Works of the Steel Company of Wales Ltd. at Margam, Port Talbot, started production on November 29. The new mill, replacing an older one, will increase rolling capacity at the plant from 48,000 to 60,000 tons per week. The installation of the new mill, carried out by 1000 men, was completed in 12½ days—1½ days less than the time scheduled.



FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY INSPECTS THE MEMORIAL TO THE GERMAN SURRENDER IN 1945 AFTER UNVEILING IT AT SANDHURST.

The memorial to the German surrender on Luneberg Heath in 1945, recently moved to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was unveiled at its new site by Lord Montgomery, to whom the surrender was made, on Nov. 29. The area of the original site on Luneberg Heath is to be handed over to the Federal German Army.



A STRIKING MODERN ADDITION TO LONDON'S "PUBS": "THE SAMUEL WHITBREAD," IN LEICESTER SQUARE, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED ON DECEMBER 4.

"The Samuel Whitbread," a new Whitbread and Company public-house in Leicester Square named after the founder of the Company, was to be opened on December 4. The architects are T. P. Bennett and Son, and interior design is by Richard Lonsdale-Hands Associates.



AT A PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THOMAS COOK: THE CHAIRMAN OF THOS. COOK AND SON, LTD., AND HIS WIFE, CUTTING THE CAKE. The 150th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Cook, founder of the famous travel agency, Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., was celebrated at the Company's Head Office in Berkeley Street, London, W.1, on November 28.



Thank you

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—good old Johnnie Walker

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IN A LONDON SALE-ROOM; EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND MODERN DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS.



THE sale at Sotheby and Co., 34 and 35, New Bond Street, on December 10 is devoted to Eighteenth Century and Modern Drawings and Paintings. This most interesting collection of nearly 200 works includes eight subjects by Turner, four of them important water-colours. Also in the sale will be two Cumberland landscapes by Francis Towne and a family group by George Romney which was once commented

[Continued below.]



ANOTHER FINE BLAKE TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON DECEMBER 10. "A WARRIOR ATTENDED BY ANGELS," A PENCIL AND COLOURED WASH. (7½ by 4½ ins.)



ONE OF THE LARGEST WORKS IN THE SALE, ROMNEY'S "PORTRAIT-GROUP OF THE LEIGH FAMILY," PREVIOUSLY ASCRIBED TO REYNOLDS. (72 by 79 ins.)

(Above, left.) "THE GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS," BY WILLIAM BLAKE. INSCRIBED ON REVERSE "BOUGHT FROM THE WIDOW FOR £5." (11½ by 17½ ins.)



"SPIEZ ON THE LAKE OF BRIENZ," PAINTED BY TURNER, c. 1842. ONE OF A NUMBER OF HIS WORKS IN THE SALE OF DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS. (9½ by 14 ins.)



A LIVELY SCENE BY ROWLANDSON, "LA PLACE DE MER, ANTWERP." IT SHOWS A QUACK-DOCTOR AND A NUMBER OF MARKET-STALLS DOMINATED BY A CALVARY. (16 by 21½ ins.)

Continued.] on by David Garrick. There are some small illustrations by Edward Lear and a large number of works by Thomas Rowlandson. Probably of greatest interest are two subjects by William Blake. These are excellent



ANOTHER THOMAS ROWLANDSON, "FEYGE DAM, AMSTERDAM," A FISH-MARKET SCENE WITH THE ROYAL PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND. (16½ by 21½ ins.)

examples of two contrasting styles, and both have additional historical value. "The Good and Evil Angels" was "bought from the widow for £5"; the "Warrior" was formerly in an album of letters from Blake, Coleridge and Lamb.

ONCE more it is time to prescribe for the dear kiddies, and once more I decline to sort the dear kiddies into age groups. As I browsed through this large and varied assortment of books, I found myself, on the one hand, totally unable to follow a scientific thesis which most boys of ten would disdain as rudimentary, and, on the other hand, squealing with delight over patches of unconscious humour which the most sophisticated eighteen-year-old might miss. "You pays your money"—comparatively little, by the way, because children's books seem to be a great deal less expensive than anything in a similar style for adults—"and you takes your choice." If it turns out, as well it may, to be the wrong choice, remember that it is a wise father who knows his own child. But I digress, and this is no week for digression.

One or two books in this group for older children are outstanding. For instance, the COMMONWEALTH ANNUAL, edited by Colin Clair (Bruce and Gawthorn; 15s.), is packed with good things. I do not think it matters that the good things are not arranged in any symmetrical order, or that one may disagree, here and there, with an historical judgment or a point of view.

For sheer beauty, there is nothing to touch Eric Linklater's KARINA WITH LOVE, with photographs by Karl W. Gullers (Macmillan; 15s.). This is a modern fairy tale of three sisters living in a Swedish forest. There is not a fairy in it, from beginning to end, but Mr. Linklater, with very great delicacy, always keeps the real world just a shade out of focus. His forest is enchanted, and enchanting. So are his characters, and the models who posed for Mr. Guller's exquisite photographs.

It has been said that Mark Twain would have delighted in PARTON'S ISLAND, by Paul Darcy Boles (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.), and I see no reason to disbelieve it. It is an idyll of tough American boyhood, written with a mixture of directness and subtlety which makes it really remarkable.

While I am not quite sure that the last two books are really for children at all, my list includes two poetry anthologies which certainly hit the mark. The first, CHILDREN'S VERSE, edited by Elizabeth Jennings (Batsford; 12s. 6d.), is the shorter, and contains some lovely colour plates. The second, POEMS TO REMEMBER, compiled by Patric Dickinson and Sheila Shannon (Harvill; 12s. 6d.), has a rather wider selection. Either would be a most acceptable present for any boy or girl beginning to show some feeling for poetry.

Now let us turn and live with the animals—but not, I would suggest, in any literal sense. I have always maintained that lion-cubs, cheetahs, chimpanzees, alligators, crocodiles, and snakes are best admired in the Zoo, or in the pages of some informative book—not welcome in the home. So I was prepared to quarrel with Mr. Clifford H. Pope, the author of REPTILES ROUND THE WORLD (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 21s.), for including a chapter on "reptiles as pets." However, he reminds his readers that "it is courteous, as well as prudent, to ask how a visitor feels about snakes before even bringing one into view." The chimpanzees and the cheetah belonged to that great animal-lover, Cherry Kearton, a selection of whose

A Christmas Hamper of Books for Children.

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

animal stories has been re-published in THE CHERRY KEARTON ANIMAL BOOK (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Then we have a superb collection of photographs of African wild life, WAY OF THE WILD, with an introduction by C. T. Astley-Maberly (Allen and Unwin; 42s.).

To these, I suppose, we should add the season's crop of stories about ponies. There is a reprint of MOORLAND MOUSIE, by Golden Gorse, with plates drawn by Lionel Edwards (Country Life; 10s. 6d.);

And lastly we come to the novels. Space fiction is represented by Captain W. E. Johns' THE EDGE OF BEYOND (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), and Angus Macvicar's SATELLITE 7 (Burke; 7s. 6d.) ("Cor strike a light!" breathed Billy Hackett. "We've done it"; and "I think it is unlikely that you have anything like this on Earth," he said, looking at Toby"). DRINA'S DANCING YEAR, by Jean Estoril (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), will suit the budding balletomane, and MOONINLAND, MIDWINTER, by Tove Jansson (Benn; 11s. 6d.), will please the Moomin fans. Another story in a conspicuously modern idiom is JO AND THE SKIFFLE GROUP, by Valerie Hastings (Max Parrish; 9s. 6d.). It is all very right and proper, with "good" Teddy-boys defeating "bad" Teddy-boys, and the leader of the skiffle-group marrying the daughter (if I may so call her) of the Espresso Bar. On me, it had the unnerving effect of inducing a marked preference for "bad" Teddy-boys.

There is the usual crop of "rattling good adventure stories." I personally preferred, as the one which seemed to rattle least, THE GANG ON THE BOARDS, by Gordon Catling (Benn; 10s. 6d.), but PARADISE ISLAND, by Sir John Smyth, V.C., M.P. (Parrish; 9s. 6d.), follows it pretty close in excellence. If you like animals stirred in with your adventure, THE GOLDEN STALLION AND THE WOLF DOG, by Rutherford G. Montgomery (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), will be your mark. Captain W. E. Johns has kept his spacemanship well in hand with BIGGLES ON MYSTERY ISLAND (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), while Gilbert Hackforth-Jones luffs and puffs, like the fine old sailor he is, in GREEN SAILORS IN THE CARIBBEAN (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). Then there are two out-and-out "toughies," SEVEN GATES TO NOWHERE, by Ted Willis (Parrish; 9s. 6d.), and DESPERATE VENTURE, by Robert J. Hoare (Parrish; 9s. 6d.). These feature, respectively, Dixon of Dock Green and Robby of "The Globe."

Blood, sea water, and islands form the roughly-set-up background to the majority of these books. Two of them are also historical: QUINN OF THE FURY, by Showell Styles (Faber; 12s. 6d.), and THE PARTICK STEAMBOAT, by Captain Frank Knight (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). As a complete contrast, welcome as it is unexpected, I must mention the charming true stories of childhood told by Laura Ingalls Wilder in ON THE BANKS OF PLUM CREEK (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). This is something rare and delightful, but—again—I wonder if it is really a book for children?

There we have it. With the exceptions I have mentioned, I cannot regard this collection as anything but a poor lot. For the most part, the authors seem to me to be writing "at" children, rather than "for" children. I have just re-read, for my own pleasure, three Nesbit stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "The Tailor of Gloucester," which Mr. John Masfield once put high up on the list of English "classics." Wrong for elder children, do you say? Very well. In that case, I am happy and proud to place myself among the youngest of the tots whose *pabulum* I shall be assessing next week.

Children's Books: A Christmas Suggestions List.

CHILDREN'S talent for enquiry frequently exhausts their elders. The following books will help to stem the flood in a number of useful directions:

The Story of Evolution, by Sir Julian Huxley (Rathbone Books; 17s. 6d.). A beautifully illustrated version of the gospel according to Sir Julian.

Your Book of Architecture, by Agnes and Jack Allen (Faber; 8s. 6d.). Every style from Saxon to modern is briefly described and illustrated.

How a Ballet is Produced, by Joan Selby-Lowndes (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.). The ballet company is fictional, but the process accurately described.

Opera Stories for Young People, by Gladys Davidson (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). Simply and pleasantly told.

Looking and Finding, by Geoffrey Grigson (Phoenix; 9s. 6d.). "An invitation to become inquisitive" along instructive lines.

The Stars, by Irving Adler (Dobson; 10s. 6d.). First steps to spacemanship, for embryo star-gazers.

The Boy's Book of Astronomy, by Patrick Moore (Burke; 9s. 6d.). Second steps star-wards, with "quiz." (N.B.—Wary parents should not be lured into attempting this.)

Neville Duke's Book of Flight, edited by Edward Lanchbery (Cassell; 21s. 6d.). Blériot to Bleep, with reminiscences by Neville Duke.

Stirling Moss's Second Book of Motor Sport, edited by Maxwell Boyd (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). Exciting additions to a successful book first published in 1955.

Four new "Real Books" (Dobson; 10s. 6d. each):

Electronics, by Edward Stoddard. ("What is a transistor, Daddy?" "Ask Mr. Stoddard, my boy, and don't bother me".)

Games, by Joseph Leeming. How to make the party go: see section entitled "Boisterous Games," and shudder!

Magic, by Joseph Leeming. All right, if your children can distinguish fingers from thumbs—but please, Mr. Leeming, not "Dinner-Table Magic"!

Red Indians, by Michael Gorham. Historical, graphic and absorbing.

two more novels by Pat Smythe, THREE JAYS ON HOLIDAY, and THREE JAYS AGAINST THE CLOCK (Cassell; 10s. 6d. each); DARK HORSE, by Patience McElwee (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.); and STEEP FARM STABLES, by Mona Sandler (Country Life; 10s. 6d.). Any of these should please the increasing number of children who spend more time in the saddle than on foot.

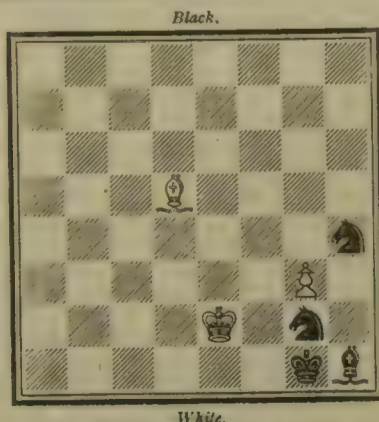
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I DO like "lightness" in a composed study or problem. The first disparaging remark that comes to the lips of a problemist when he sees the average game-position is traditionally "H'm! Board horribly overcrowded!"

Here are a composed ending and a problem, both composed recently in Russian and both, to my mind, really dainty in conception and construction.

I'm not going to ask you to rack your brains this week. Let's just enjoy the play and risk missing a few attractive "might-have-been" variations:



Here V. Yakimchik, of a place which seems, to read "Ust-Kamenogorsk," asks us, two pieces down, to find a way to draw.

This is his solution:

1. B-K4, N-B5ch; 2. K-K3, N(R5)-N7ch. Clearly 2... BxB would leave two black pieces *en prise*.
3. BxN, NxBch; 4. K-K2!, K-R7. Any other move would, of course, give away a piece.

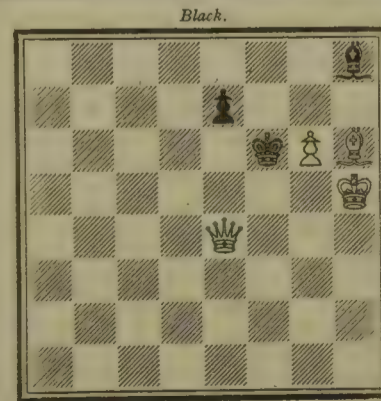
5. K-B2!, K-R6; 6. K-N8.

Winning the bishop and drawing easily. The only side-track of note was on the first move when White could have tried 1. B-K6 but would lose: 1... N-N3; 2. B-B8, N-K2; 3. B-K6, N-B3; 4. B-Q7, N-Q5ch; 5. K-Q3, N-B6; 6. K-K2, N-R7 and 7... N-B8.

Of course 1. PxN, N-B5ch and 2... NxB leaves Black with enough material to mate, whilst 1. BxN, NxB would be good enough—if it were still Black to move! As it is not, White has to let the knight out.

In the diagram on the right I. Demeshonok, of Simferopol, asks us as White to play and mate in two. We accomplish it by 1. Q-Q5.

Cat-and-mouse stuff again. Black



would be happy, if he had not to move. But whatever he plays now, he is mated next move. And no other white first move would achieve this.



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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE NEW HUMBER HAWK.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

SINCE the new Humber *Hawk* was chosen as the Car of the Month for the issue of June 1, 1957, shortly after its introduction, it has made many friends. The car I then tested had the standard four-speed synchromesh gear-box, but the following remarks concern the *Hawk* with the Borg-Warner automatic transmission, with which I recently had the opportunity to gain extended experience on French roads.

This transmission was very prominent at the recent Earls Court motor show, and I have previously referred to it in connection with the Ford *Zodiac* in the issue of July 5, but for the benefit of those who are not yet familiar with it, a brief description appears desirable. It consists of a fluid torque converter in combination with a three-speed epicyclic gear-box, but while the epicyclic gear trains giving "low" and "intermediate" have their definite gear ratios these are multiplied by the torque multiplication of the converter, which is a little over 2 to 1.

As a result low gear ranges from an overall ratio of 20.48 to 1 up to 9.75 to 1. Similarly intermediate ranges from 12.67 to 1 up to 6.04 to 1. In top gear the torque converter and gear trains are by-passed by a friction clutch, so that the drive is direct, the overall gear ratio being that of the rear axle, 4.22 to 1.

There is, of course, no clutch-pedal, for the torque converter forms a fluid clutch which takes up the drive with absolute smoothness, the transmission responding to the pressure on the accelerator according to load and road speed, changing up or down automatically as the engine requires.

The driver's only control of the transmission, apart from his use of the accelerator, is the selector lever projecting below the steering-wheel for operation by his left hand. The selector quadrant has five positions denoted by the letters P, N, D, L and R. With the selector at P, parking, a locking device is engaged and the car cannot roll backwards or forwards. N corresponds to the neutral of a conventional gear-box.

Only with the selector in P or N can the engine be started, a safety measure which is well worth the slight inconvenience of having to move the lever into one of those positions should the engine stall, as may occasionally happen when moving off after starting from cold.

D, drive, is the position for normal driving, and the car then moves off in response to pressure on the accelerator and changes gear automatically as conditions require. In the L position the transmission is locked in the low ratio, so that maximum engine braking can be retained for descending steep hills.

Position R is, of course, for reverse, and a safety device prevents its engagement while the car is travelling at speed. The driver can, however, move the selector to and fro between L and R for the purpose of rocking the car out of snow or mud, the speed in such conditions being virtually nil.

The *Hawk* engine and the transmission seem well suited to one another. Starting from rest in normal driving, with only moderate throttle, the change from low to intermediate occurs at about 23 m.p.h. and from intermediate to top at about 34 m.p.h. With light throttle the changes occur at somewhat lower speeds, but if full throttle is used for maximum acceleration, the changes are deferred until speeds of about 30 and 52 m.p.h. respectively are reached.

Changes down occur as the engine demands. On coming to rest at traffic lights, for example, the transmission changes to low, ready for the restart. In climbing a steep hill, as the speed falls off the change from top to intermediate will occur, the speed at which the change takes place depending upon throttle opening. If the grade is severe enough, the change from intermediate to low will follow.

By fully depressing the accelerator the driver can induce a change-down, provided that the road speed is not too high. This "kick-down" change will occur at speeds below about 41 m.p.h. into intermediate or about 20 m.p.h. into low.

It will be realised, therefore, that the driver has quite a measure of control over the transmission by his use of the accelerator, although the changes are quite automatic. As a result the *Hawk* with the Borg-Warner transmission is a very pleasing and effortless car to drive, whether in the congested traffic of London or the hectic traffic of Paris, or on the long straights of Continental roads.

From rest it will attain 30 m.p.h. in 6.8 secs. and 60 m.p.h. in 23.5 secs., and it does this as easily for the novice as for the skilled driver with a delightful absence of fuss. On top its speed is nicely in the 80-90 m.p.h. bracket when a long straight allows it to build up to its maximum, and it cruises at 70 m.p.h. with a commendable freedom from both mechanical and wind noise.

French road surfaces present a much more severe test of suspension and road-holding than we are accustomed to in this country, because they are apt to be bumpy on fast bends and one's average speed can safely be higher.

Even so I found no cause to change my previous opinion that in both respects the *Hawk* is good. The springing strikes a nice balance between firmness and comfort, deals adequately with bad *pavé*, and the road-holding remains consistent.

Steering is light and precise, and I found the degree of self-centring quite acceptable and not conducive to fatigue. The test car was fitted with Reutter separate seats, of which the fingertip adjustment for squab rake is a feature, and the ability to change position slightly without stopping the car added to my comfort on a long run.

Brakes never occasioned a moment's anxiety; they are efficient without calling for heavy pedal pressures, and developed no sign of fading when a distance of 100 miles was covered in two hours, an average which calls for their use even on Continental roads. Fuel consumption on that run proved to be 22 m.p.g., but on British roads it would probably be 20 m.p.g. at such an average speed.

In appearance the *Hawk* is essentially up-to-date, with its wrap-round screen and rear window, downward-curving bonnet, wide radiator grille, two-colour finish, and the finned treatment of the rear wings. Visibility, driving position, and location of controls are first class, and the burr walnut veneer instrument board has the dials and switches neatly grouped in front of the driver. Flashing indicators are controlled by a slim lever projecting on the right beneath the two-spoked steering wheel.

The four doors are hinged at the front, open wide to give easy access, and carry elbow-rests which form door pulls, and ventilating panels. The wide rear seat has a broad central folding armrest which adds much to comfort when only two passengers occupy it. A lock-up compartment in the left of the fascia proved invaluable for the safe keeping of documents and camera. Its key also operates the lock of the boot, in which there is 19½ cub. ft. of luggage space.

Full equipment is provided, including horn ring, electric clock, two-speed screen wiper, twin sun visors, courtesy interior light, ashtrays and pockets in the front doors. Under-bonnet accessibility is a good feature. Basic price is £840, purchase tax £421 7s., total £1261 7s. The Borg-Warner transmission is £172 10s. extra, including purchase tax, and the Reutter seats £52 10s. extra including tax.



THE SIX-SEATER HUMBER HAWK, WHICH WAS INTRODUCED LAST YEAR. COLONEL CLEAVE DISCUSSES THE HAWK FITTED WITH THE BORG-WARNER AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION.

MOTORING NOTES.

MOTORISTS who have not yet had one or other of the well-known anti-freeze products added to the radiator should lose no time in doing so. C. C. Wakefield and Co. Ltd., the makers of Castrol motor oil, recently introduced Castrol Anti-freeze, based on ethylene glycol and containing a new

anti-corrosion additive. It is coloured turquoise, and is available from bulk or in sealed gallon, quart and pint tins.

The Mobil Oil Co. Ltd. also produces an anti-freeze known as Mobil Permazone. This also has an ethylene glycol base, with a rust inhibitor, and is coloured red. One filling of the radiator with a 20 per cent. solution, two pints of Permazone to one gallon of water, should give protection for the whole winter.

The European Ladies' Touring Championship for 1958 has been awarded jointly to Miss Pat Moss and Miss Ann Wisdom, driving B.M.C. cars. This is the first time the title has been held jointly, the third time it has been won on B.M.C. cars, and the fifth year in six that it has been won by English women. In 1956 and 1957 the title was held by Mrs. Nancy Mitchell, who also drove B.M.C. cars.

An agreement, the object of which is to avoid high tariffs, was recently concluded between Renault and Alfa-Romeo, whereby Alfa-Romeo will build the Renault *Dauphine* under licence in Italy, and Renault will assemble and sell Alfa-Romeo cars in France.

The Paint Division of I.C.I. conduct a yearly colour survey of the cars at the Earls Court Show. The number of all-black cars this year was the lowest ever recorded, only 3½ per cent., and duo-tone colour schemes declined slightly to 45 per cent. Of seventy-seven cars finished in pastel shades, the ivories, fawns, creams, beiges and coffee tints accounted for 51 per cent. Of the full colours, reds and maroons remained the most favoured.

Mr. James Ballantyne, chairman of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, has been elected chairman for the coming year of the Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., the A.A., and the R.S.A.C.



THIS IS THE VAUXHALL VICTOR. This is Britain's No. 1 Export Car. Since it was announced in February 1957 more Victors have been exported than any other British model. On the continent and in the Commonwealth the Victor is leading the parade of British cars. In the highly competitive Canadian market, for instance, 60% more Victors have been sold this year than any other British model. And although shipments to the United States did not start until September 1957, by August of this year the Victor was the top British car in registrations.

But you don't live in the United States or Canada, in Belgium or Hawaii. Is there anything in all these facts that interests you?

Yes. All these people who have been buying Victors so eagerly are tough critics of a motor car. They expect it to 'take' a great deal more in hard, long, fast driving than most British drivers ever do. They don't buy on hearsay, either. For them a trial run is *really* a trial run, and while they're having it they're bound to compare the Victor with the cars they're used to and with the best the rest of the world has to offer. *And they still go for the Victor!*

Why? We think the answer is because the Victor gives more *total* satisfaction when you drive it . . . You can find bigger cars (if size is all-important); faster cars (if you don't care about m.p.g.); more luxurious cars (if you don't mind the price); but you won't find another car that gives such *all-round* pleasure, pride and satisfaction to its owner.

It's a car that makes it easy to drive well. It's lively, responsive, supremely handle-able. It's as fast as most people need (over 75 m.p.h.). It's astonishingly economical. It holds the road superbly — and the more experienced a driver you are, the more you'll appreciate this. It has an all-synchromesh gearbox, light yet accurate steering, big-drum brakes that take hold powerfully and progressively. It has a panoramic windscreen (you'll soon be seeing them everywhere!) that gives you a wonderfully wide safe view of things ahead. It has heaps of elbow-room for four people, and really big luggage space. And it *looks* good—low, modern, stylish—a car you're really pleased to be seen in! . . .

Yes, that's it. There's more *all-round* pleasure in driving a Victor! But don't take our word for it—or anyone else's for that matter. Those export customers don't! Do what they do: *Drive the Victor yourself.* Get hold of your nearest Vauxhall dealer this very week and arrange a trial run. Take the family along too.

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now then...a wine

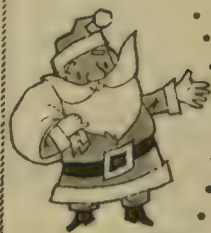
... here's J. B. with his Tournedos, and Roscoe wanting Dover Sole, and now I've got to pick a wine — nothing but the best for old J. B., and it musn't be *wrong* either...

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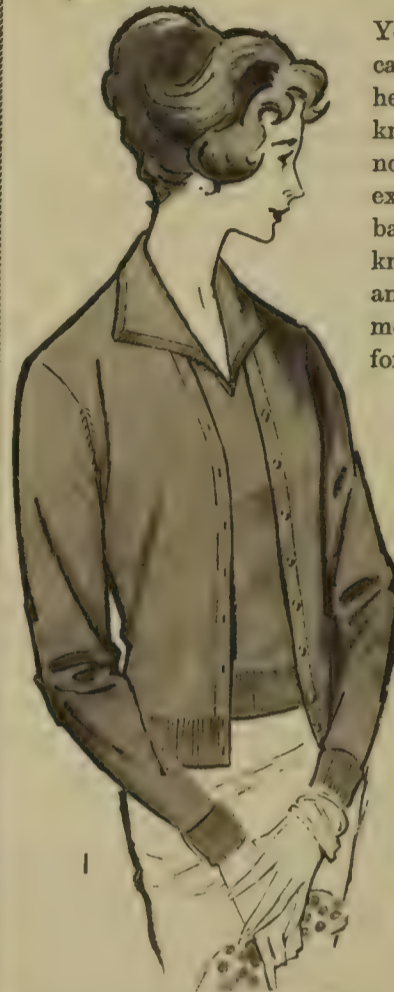


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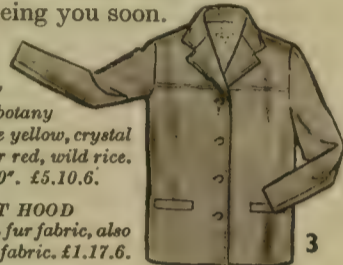
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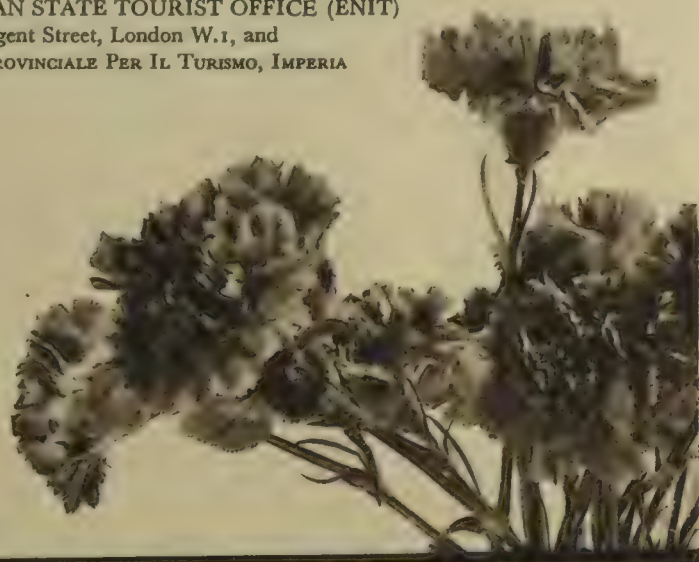
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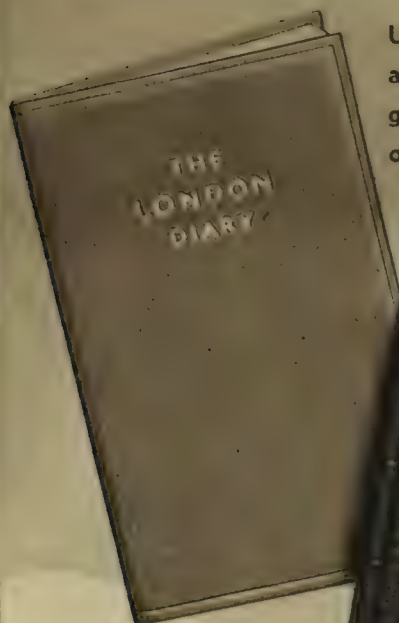
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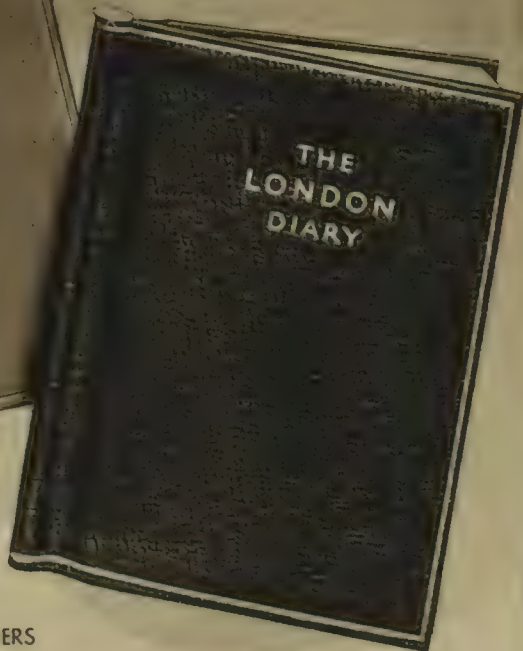
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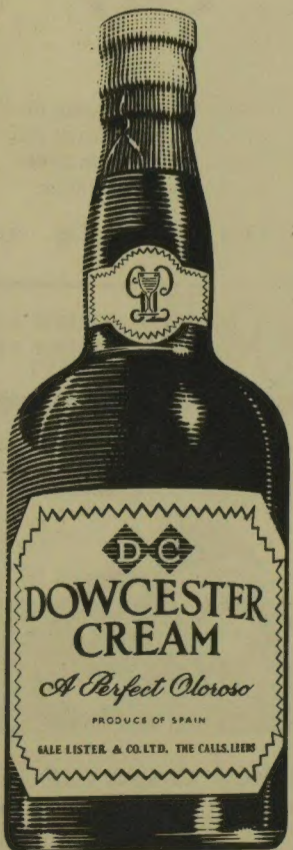
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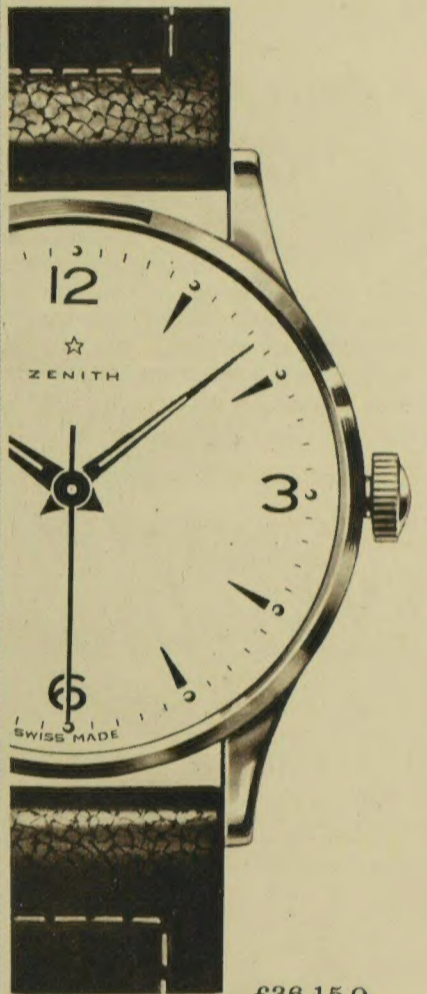
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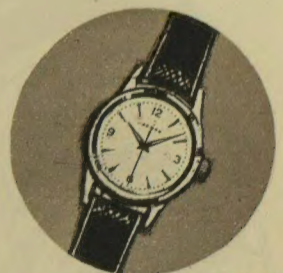


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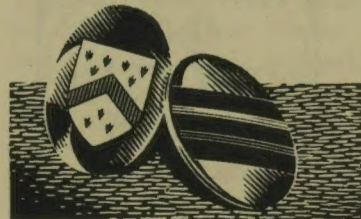
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